

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

SEPTEMBER 1954 20 CENTS

Chatelaine

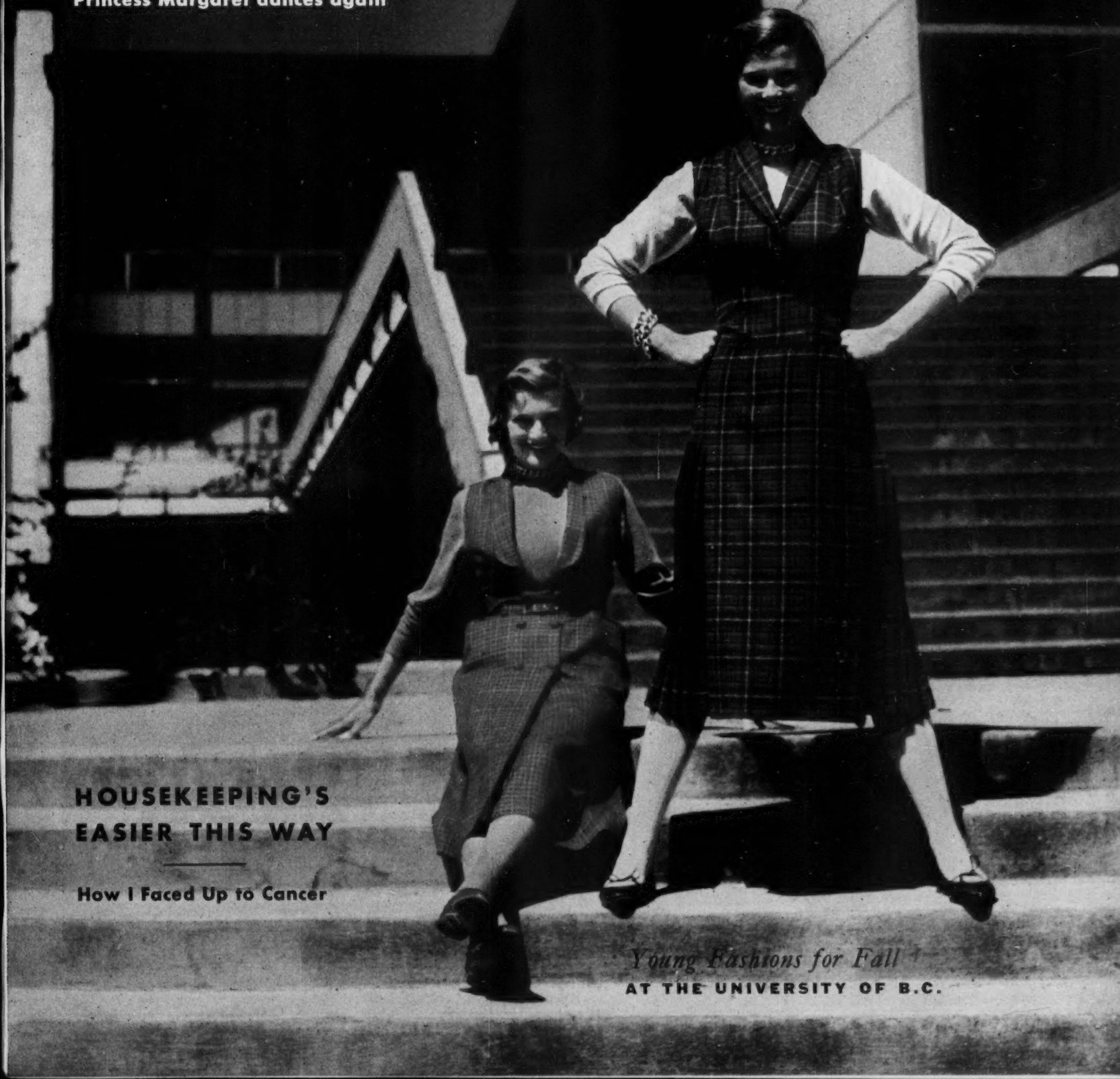
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RANGOON, HONG KONG

AND HOME / *Claire Wallace**peeks through the Bamboo Curtain*

RANGOON: Burmese women, so small and dainty, smoke big fat cigars for cheroots. The Burmese specialize in doing kind and thoughtful things, for which they refuse to be thanked, believing their good deeds win them merit in the next existence. Nevertheless, Lillian and I said a warm thank you to Dame Aung San, Daw Khin Kyi, leading woman of her country, whom I interviewed. As a parting gift she presented us with a teaspoonful of uncut Burma rubies and sapphires. What superb hospitality! When we attended Scots Kirk the Presbyterians entertained and drove us around, a courtesy we appreciated for taxi fares were the dearest we found anywhere. At the Wishing Stone in the Shwedagon, richest, biggest, highest and oldest pagoda in the world, a prayer-maker chanted over us the Burmese words to make our wishes come true. So far nothing doing.

BANGKOK: We disembarked from the plane drenched in milk because an air pocket had caused the stewardess to spill a jug of it over us. Rosy water lilies large as plates, orange-robed Buddhist monks, the giant scarlet swings where for a few days each winter Siamese priests swing as they pray for warm weather—Thailand is a kaleidoscope that fills the eye with joy at every turn. Strangest sight—the prehistoric walking fish. Equipped with legs, they swim until the tide runs out, then hop, skip and jump on land.

"Hello, Foreign Devils"

HONG KONG: The scary Kai Tak Airport is so short and hemmed-in by hills that night landings are banned. We were amused at Chinese children's greeting to us—"Hello, foreign devils." I interviewed the ginger king of Hong Kong, Mr. U Tat Chee, OBE, and watched noted Chinese movie actress, Lily Lee, filming a murder mystery. Hong Kong is a favorite of ours—a busy, glamorous, exciting city. Two of our most stirring experiences took place here—we spent an afternoon at a leper colony and visited the heavily guarded border of Red China.

LEPER COLONY: Called Hay Ling Chau or Isle of Happy Healing, the colony lies in an arm of the South China Sea, an hour's ride from the mainland on the leprosarium boat. The lepers number three hundred and fifty Chinese men, women and many dear little children. Some of them sang and danced for us. It was suggested we not shake hands but, otherwise, we mingled freely, visiting their rooms, workshops, and gardens, and talking to those who could speak English. On the leprosarium staff, as matron of the hospital, is a

much beloved Canadian, Miss Irene Moore, R.N., of Thamesville, Ont. Irene offered her services through the United Church of Canada and will nurse in the leper colony for five years.

RED CHINA BORDER: Along the twelve-mile strip between Hong Kong and Communist China are three points of crossing: one in the divided city of Sha Tau Kok and the other two on foot and railway bridges. We drove north to the first barrier; then, as arranged, were picked up by a police escort of two and allowed to drive on. After a short distance, cameras and cars were barred and we continued on foot. Hong Kong is a beautiful and friendly colony; but here at the border, though the beauty remained, the friendliness was missing. Amid the soft green hills, lush rice paddies, flamboyant tropical flowers, the two pretty bridges spanned the gently flowing river. Halfway across each bridge, a wooden barrier was down and the Red Communist flag flying above, a few feet from the Union Jack. Our side was guarded by police, the Communist side by the military. Our guards looked human and carried their revolvers in holsters. The Communist guards faced us, a deadly serious line of sombre-eyed, grim, steel-

helmeted men, machine guns held at the ready. We were careful not to interest them in firing.

In Tokyo I Had a Hunch

TOKYO: After the glamour and brilliance of some other countries we found Tokyo disappointingly colorless. The food made up for it—delicious pink prawns in a sweet, dark-brown sauce and the tasty national Japanese meal, sukiyaki, which we ate sitting cross-legged on the floor, using chopsticks and dipping each morsel of fried meat in raw egg before eating it. You wash your hands right at the table here; on each is a small basket containing rolled steaming hot washcloths. Because they are short themselves, the Japanese do not recognize height in anyone else. Many ceilings are six feet or less and even in the world-renowned Imperial Hotel, tall travelers like myself were constantly bumping heads against the ceilings or developing "Tokyo hunch." With the temperature at roasting hot, I bought my Christmas cards.

HONOLULU: The seventeen-and-a-half-hour flight of over four thousand miles was broken by a predawn stop at Wake Island in time to stand on the beach and see the sunrise over the Pacific. Because we crossed the International Date Line, we flew all that distance and arrived in Honolulu half an hour earlier on the same day we had left Tokyo! I tangled momentarily with the customs in Honolulu. In Jerusalem I had bought a heavy foot-high carved wooden camel, carried it under my arm through every country and it was much admired. In Hawaii, camel and I were regarded with deep suspicion. Seems the only other one customs had seen was hollowed, filled with diamonds and carried by a smuggler.

One-cent Stop in Chicago

HOME: Recompensing us for an inconvenient overnight stop in Chicago, the airlines put us up at the Conrad Hilton, largest hotel in the world. It was just as well they were paying the bill. Lillian and I, having paid our air fares around the world, started out in April with one thousand dollars each for hotels and expenses. Nearly three months later, in Chicago, we had exactly one cent between us! Broke but happy, with wonderful memories, experiences and a great deal to lecture and write about, we give the world warning to watch out for us again in another year or two.—CLAIRE WALLACE.

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Vol. 27 No. 9

At U.B.C., beside the swimming pool built for the British Empire Games, Mary Schaffer and Barbara Johnson model West Coast fashions (see page 24). Photo by Paul Rockett.

Chatelaine

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SEPTEMBER 1954

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Reader Takes Over

"It brought out the worst in him"

I'M NOT EASILY stirred by an article but brother, when I read Don't Let Your Husband Teach You to Drive (July) I was stirred beyond words. You see I have a good-natured husband but when it came to teaching me to drive I sure brought out the worst in him. After reading this article I know I could be a swell driver probably with just a few lessons from my brother but never again from "friend hubby." Thank you again for shedding the true light on this subject.—Mrs. Ray McManaman, Amherst, N.S.

P.S. Sure like your magazine—loved "Kate's" articles.

Should be Re-read

I want to commend you on two powerful articles—I call them articles although both are listed as fiction—I refer to The Last Door, by Phyllis Lee Peterson (April) and Why Did This Happen to Me, by Mary Freels Rosborough (June). Seldom does one encounter such deep and perfect understanding of pathological and psychiatric conditions as these two authors demonstrate. In my estimation they have a tremendous bearing on present day illnesses whether mental or physical and should be read and re-read by every subscriber to Chatelaine and made available to every parent in Canada.—Dr. Bessie F. Nixon, Moose Jaw.

... Just wanted to tell you how much we enjoyed Mrs. Peterson's story, The Last Door; it was really most interesting. Mr. Cohen's Leprechaun (January) was also very good. We so seldom read a really humorous story nowadays that it is really appreciated. Do continue to print more stories of the same type and quality.—Frances Nadler, Dorothea Upton, Alma Dickie, R.N., Montreal.

"A Wonderful Contribution"

Thanks for one of your finest articles published (Is There Any Way Out of This Jungle?, July). A book by Mr. MacLennan on this subject would be a wonderful contribution, not only to the faith of people but to the literary world. As long as Chatelaine is proud to print this type of literature I shall be proud to be a subscriber.—Lena Strozuk, Winnipeg.

"She Should ... Apologize"

The article, How to Brighten Up A Rented Cottage, in the June issue is most offensive and untrue. We have had cottages rented for more than twenty years and invite inspection at any time. The author should be made to apologize to the cottage owners for her insults and untruths.—Mrs. A. H. Greene, Huntsville, Ont.

The Smell of the Sea

Doris McCubbin's articles about Nova Scotian women are refreshing especially the article in July number (The Harsh and Happy Life of Lillian Boutilier). It brought back many poignant memories to me. Almost I could smell the seaweed! —Mrs. Eunice Gilbert, Upper Rawdon, N.S.

Wives, Take Thought

Have just finished reading A Widow Writes an Open Letter to Wives in your June issue. It is wonderful advice for us wives and certainly gives us all food for thought.—Mrs. W. C. Elsie Mills, Long Branch, Ont.

... The idea of the delicacy of the male is really being overdone. The average young wife doesn't have an executive for a husband and from observation the husbands in most cases are just following out the way they have been brought up—listening to their fathers. Their great superiority and terrific ego all help to give them heart trouble. The young wife just asks for a square deal in emergencies, an alertness of mind as to when help is needed, then she might have enough energy to give all these attentions shown in the magazine ... The person who wrote the story knows nothing evidently of caring for two or three small children, practically never getting anywhere through lack of money for baby sitters, while friend husband can always take off to hockey games, fights, etc., to relax and refresh himself. I am a grandmother and the oldest of a family of six, so I do think I can speak on the subject.—Mrs. Beatrice Clarke, Copper Cliff, Ont.

... Several years ago my husband died swiftly with his heart, a great loss to me, but no regrets as I know he was just as happy as myself. Our marriage was a partnership "until death did us part" not like a lot of marriages of today which seems to be "until we have our first quarrel."—"Another Widow," Riverside, Ont.

First Flying Passenger

In the June issue there is a statement by Claire Wallace (page 1) which implies that she was the first Canadian passenger to fly the Atlantic and that this occurred in 1939. I was the first Canadian to fly by scheduled air lines over the north trans-Atlantic route from Canada to London, England, in May 1936 ... There were no heavier-than-air craft capable of carrying out such a commercial undertaking so the trans-Atlantic portion of the journey was made in the dirigible, Von Hindenburg.—W. B. Burdall, Ottawa. +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Peter Croydon (1, 28, 29), W. B. Jackson (4), Ed Hausman (9), Ken Bell (13), Federal News Photos (14), Wide World (14), Miller (14), Paul Rockett (18, 19, 22, 24-26, 64, 65), Jak DeBort (32, 34), Lockwood Haight-Panda (70, 71).



Why the lady's ALLERGY suddenly vanished ...

DOCTORS who treat allergy frequently encounter cases that have all the elements of good detective stories.

Consider, for example, the case of the housewife who had asthma and hay fever every summer. Strangely enough, her doctor found that pollens—which usually bring on these disorders—did not cause her trouble. Tests showed that she was sensitive to feathers, particularly those of the sparrow.

In tracking down clues to this case, it was discovered that outside the patient's bedroom was a vine in which many sparrows nested. When the vine was cut down and the sparrows departed—so did the patient's asthma!

Allergies may be caused by an almost endless number of substances which, to the average person, are entirely harmless. The person sensitive to one or more of them may develop skin rashes, sneezing attacks, digestive disturbances and other allergic reactions.

Most allergies are mild, and only occasional attacks occur. However, people highly sensitive to such substances as feathers, pollens, or dusts may have attacks so severe and persistent that both physical and mental health are affected. Whether the allergy is mild or severe, it is important to find the cause of the trouble.

In doing so, the doctor asks many de-

tailed questions which may quickly reveal the trouble-maker. When and where do the attacks occur? What kind of furnishings are in the home? What chemicals or medicines were used recently? Are pets kept in the house? What foods have been eaten lately?

Allergies due to an obscure cause—or more than one cause—generally require detailed diagnostic studies, including simple skin tests. These usually reveal the cause of the allergic condition. Once found, complete relief may follow simply by avoiding the offending substance.

If treatment is necessary, the doctor will prescribe in accordance with the nature of the patient's sensitivities. Generally, a series of immunizing inoculations are given. These may greatly relieve allergic symptoms in over 4 out of 5 of the cases provided patients maintain close and continued cooperation with the doctor.

Whenever recurring and unexplained attacks of sneezing, itching eyes, skin eruptions, digestive upsets, headache, or "wheezy" breathing occur, medical attention should not be delayed. For early treatment brings best results—especially for "hay fever" and other seasonal allergies.

While medical science as yet has no "cure" for allergy, this disorder can usually be controlled and distressing symptoms greatly, if not entirely, relieved.

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REMEMBER THE WOODS FAMILY?

Their budget's working fine

Even young Tim, born in May, didn't put a dent in the Chatelaine budget that's getting Russ and Joie Woods out of debt almost a year ahead of schedule

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

TWO REMARKABLE events have happened to the Woods family, of Riverside, Ont., whom Chatelaine started on a real-life budget experiment about nine months ago.

First, the family is almost out of debt in less than a year as the result of its budgeting techniques.

Secondly, the new baby arrived in mid-May. What is remarkable about Timothy James Woods is not just that he is the third son of a third son, or that he weighed in at almost eight pounds, has blue eyes and dark hair, is cheerful and healthy, and his brothers, Mark, five, and Roddy, two, are in love with him. But he arrived without disrupting his family's budget—not halting Josephine and Russell Woods a moment in their basic program of getting out of debt and on a cash basis.

When I first visited the Woodses last fall in Riverside, five miles outside Windsor where Russ teaches in the public schools, they were \$1,280 in debt to the local teachers' credit union, and battling all the worries and frustrations of young families with small children, new houses and moderate incomes. In the first four months of planned financing they reduced their debt to \$850. By June 1 it was down to \$466. By early summer they cut it to \$300. By the end of the first year of systematic budgeting, this young family will have eliminated its debt almost completely. That's a real achievement. Joie and Russell are actually far ahead of even the financial schedule proposed by Chatelaine last January.

The Woodses' original budget was \$298.40 a month, based on their income when we first drew it up and without considering anything extra that might come in—the safest way to estimate a budget. That budget was planned to pay off the original debt in about twenty-one months by allotting \$62.50 a month for it. Since Russ got a raise at the beginning of the school year and also earned a bit extra by night school and tutoring, his actual income has run a shade over \$320. Most of this extra income, as well as much of the baby bonus (which serves as a floating fund to help out other budget items which might prove too tight) has been going to clear the debt—at a rate of about \$85 a month.

The heart of the Woodses' new financial program is to get them on a cash basis so they will be saved the constant drain of interest fees. At the same time Joie and Russ are building a cash reserve to finance emergencies and the inevitable replacements and repairs of household appliances, the car, and other equipment. Such a reserve is sound practice in the world of business, but it is also a vital key to personal security many families tend to overlook.

Now, after paying the costs of Tim's birth, the reserve fund stands at \$64.50. That's not much, but there was nothing eight months ago, and meanwhile the fund has also paid for several repairs to household appliances and to Russell's watch. The family has another cash reserve account, to which is added each month a sum toward fixed annual expenses like coal and insurance. This fund is greatly appreciated, Joie and Russ report. Last June when they had to pay an insurance premium the money was on hand. Formerly this bill was met out of a pay cheque, and what was left they lived on that month.

Next year, their second of planned financing, the Woodses won't have debt payments to make, or very few, and the reserve fund can really start to grow. Thus, when it comes time to replace the car and complete the still-unused expansion attic of their four-year-old house, the money will be there.

Also, Joie and Russ will be able to allow themselves more latitude in certain departments of living than at present. The place where the budget has pinched is personal allowances, which must provide gifts and church contributions as well as pocket money. Birthdays, anniversaries and weddings seem to take more money than we bargained for and this item will have to be expanded. So will the clothing budget, since the family is living off its inventory this year. But that's how a budget should be handled. A tolerable, workable budget is only an estimate, never rigid and final. You keep a spending record with it, and after a few months the expense record will show where you have to let out a bit, and where you can take in.

The Woodses have been remarkably efficient in keeping to their budget, especially in Joie's handling of food. The original allotment, \$70 a month, seemed



little enough. But for the first four months, her food bills averaged less than \$64, including cleaning supplies and stationery. The second four months food costs averaged \$68.74, and that included a week's visit from Joie's adored grandmother who has a family-famed knack with children, two weekend visits from relatives and a couple of evenings' entertainment of friends. Russ is continually amazed at how Joie does it, but economical cooking is her specialty. As we reported in the first article (January 1954), she features casserole dishes, does most of her own baking, saves substantially on the milk bill by using low-cost nonfat milk powder, and gets much of her summer produce from the back-yard kitchen garden, with some left over for preserving.

The new baby so far has been little expense. Blue Cross paid fifty percent of the hospital costs of \$96; the Windsor Medical Plan took care of the doctor's bill. And young Tim has plenty of equipment and clothing his big brothers have outgrown. Children come cheaper even by the quarter dozen. And there is \$5 more a month on the baby bonus to help with Tim's other needs.

One of the best helps the Woodses have in climbing their way to a firm financial footing is prepaid medical care and Blue Cross. The combined cost of about \$10 a month for the Windsor Medical Plan and Blue Cross is deducted from Russell's pay, so we don't provide for it in our budget. The medical plan doesn't take care of teeth, but Russ' father and brother are both dentists, and they do.

Even if Tim has been an economical little chap up to now, his arrival does make it necessary to create more living space for the Woodses' brood by finishing the expansion attic. Joie and Russell will apply to this expensive project the same pay-as-you-go thinking that now characterizes all their planning. They expect that by late summer or fall their reserve fund will be large enough to let them do the basic partitioning (one partition and closet wall) and wiring. Since the debt will be cleaned up soon, they won't be too long getting the rest done. "It may mean keeping Timmy in our room for a few extra months, but this is better than another debt," Russ says. The whole project will cost about

\$500 to \$600, with Russ doing the finishing, and will provide a good-sized room for the two older boys, with a storage wall dividing it from a small sitting room at the head of the stairs, which will double as guest room.

What's especially revealing about this attic expansion is that Joie and Russell can now visualize with little worry just how they are going to accomplish it. Eight months ago they were quite puzzled about how to go about it, how finance it, etc.

So far, too, the Woodses have been able to keep their car—a pleasurable and convenient but money-devouring possession we once thought would have to be sold down the river to get the family on its financial feet. The \$14 a month allowed for the car would barely permit continued ownership, but Russ now makes the car earn part of its keep by carrying several paying passengers to work.

In four months more I'll go back to Windsor and get the final assessment of this year-long experiment with a family on a budget. I'll report back to you then about how the Woodses have fared and what we all have learned about how a young family can keep solvent while growing up and making its home. +

THE WOODSES' BASIC MONTHLY BUDGET

Food	70.00
Mortgage Payment	55.00
Clothing	20.00
Credit Union Payment	*85.00
House Operation (electricity, water, phone)	12.00
Car Operation	14.00
Personal Allowances	12.00
Investment	14.30
Heating (coal)	10.50
Life Insurance	6.00
Car Insurance	5.00
Home Insurance	2.00
Household Furnishings	2.50
Depreciation Reserve	12.50
Total	320.80

*Increase from 62.50 made possible by extra earnings this year.



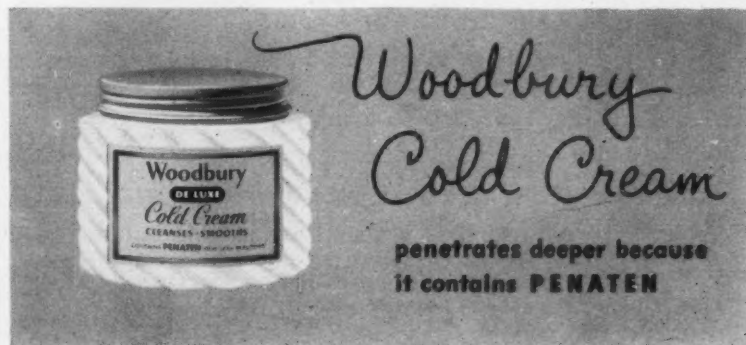
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You will likely be admitted to hospital in the afternoon or evening before the morning of your operation so that you will be well rested and without food the last twelve hours. After you are in bed, nurses will see that you have routine blood tests (to detect possible anaemia, syphilis, etc.), urine tests for diabetes, kidney or stomach trouble and X-rays where required.

The house doctor will call in to take your medical history and the anaesthetist to check your pulse and blood pressure and find out what anaesthetics you have received before. The anaesthetist is a graduate physician who has likely taken three years or more special study dedicated to helping the surgeon make your operation safer and entirely painless, your recovery more rapid and vastly more comfortable. As a first step you will be given a bedtime sedative—a sleeping pill.

Next morning, when you will get nothing to eat or drink, you'll be visited by your family physician and the surgeon he has recommended. One hour before you are due in surgery you will receive pre-operative sedation—usually a hypodermic needle in the arm and another pill—which will make you drowsy and relaxed and completely unconcerned about what lies ahead. In most hospitals now you'll be taken to the operating table not on a stretcher but in your own bed, and lifted right back into it afterward, to keep such shifting at a minimum.

If your operation is to be performed anywhere below the chest you will perhaps be given a spinal anaesthetic. This will relax all the bodily organs to make the surgeon's job easier, and will be sufficient to kill all pain; but since you probably won't fancy watching your own operation you will also be given a general anaesthetic. From a bottle hung overhead intravenous fluids—saline solution or blood serum—will already be flowing slowly into a big vein in your arm, to fortify your blood supply and keep up your body's fluid content during the operation. The general anaesthetic used may be a gas, or a liquid such as Sodium Pentothal which can be dripped in via the intravenous

tube in such a way as to keep you just comfortably below the border of consciousness. In fact, before you realize this drug is being administered you'll be waking up in your hospital bed, dimly wondering why they don't get on with the operation.

The surgeon is of course the key man in the team that will perform your operation. Increased surgical skill makes many lifesaving operations possible that formerly were not even attempted; and improved techniques mean much less post-operative discomfort and shorter convalescence for you, whatever your operation. At one time, for instance, in securing a severed blood vessel your surgeon would have also tied off a mass of surrounding tissue, which being thus crushed was bound to die, causing you wound pain and danger of later infection. Today he will carefully lay open the blood vessel and tie it off separately. And if yours is a major operation he will have at his side two surgical assistants both familiar with your case—the house doctor and your family physician.

When you regain consciousness after your operation you will find yourself (in most larger hospitals) in a recovery room. Here you will stay under constant nursing supervision until you regain consciousness and your surgeon says you are over the immediate effects of the operation. Another hypodermic, and later pills, will provide post-operative sedation. And when you are trundled back to your own room the dangling intravenous bottle and tube will go with you, for post-operative dehydration can make you feel needlessly miserable.

Your surgeon will be a regular visitor so long as you are in hospital, and he won't keep you a day longer than necessary. Not only are hospitals crowded but modern surgical practice is to let you sit up the day after most operations and have you trying out your legs soon after. Prolonged lying still is now known to produce needless complications. Following a tonsillectomy you may be out of hospital in two or three days; in ten or twelve days after a hysterectomy; while you may be hospitalized two weeks with a more serious operation such as removal of the gall bladder. Before you leave the hospital it is important to discuss with your doctor how much you can do and can't do when you first go home, because proper concern for your care and comfort at all stages will speed your final recovery. +

This medical report was prepared in co-operation with the staff of the Women's College Hospital, Toronto.



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Ever see a prettier car than the Chevrolet Bel-Air Sport Coupe? Few folks realize that Chevrolet offers the most beautiful choice of models in its field.

You're only young twice!

Once when you take your first battered old jalopy to your heart . . . and once again when you put your first brand-new Chevrolet on parade! After that — your motoring life is young for good! You've discovered the Fountain of Youth on wheels.

WHAT'S CHEVROLET GOT THAT YOUNG PEOPLE GO FOR?

First of all: It's smooth! Real cool! It looks as a car ought to look that's loaded with youngsters who love the feel of a spirited pick-up and the power of broad-shouldered brakes. And it's got a Body by Fisher, too, unrivalled for its combination of beauty and rugged durability.

It doesn't cost all outdoors to run the new Chevrolet or keep it up, either. And, of course, everybody knows that Chevrolet's original cost is less than any other line in the low-price field.

WHAT'S CHEVROLET GOT THAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT?

Chevrolet's numerous strength and safety features include a full-length box-girder frame for *extra protection* — and that's very reassuring, besides being one of the many reasons for Chevrolet's exceptional ruggedness.

And if you're interested in those new automatic power features a family car ought to have, you'll find that Chevrolet offers them all — if you want them.

When you put your money in a Chevrolet you're putting it into the closest thing there is to a savings bank on wheels! You'll get your money's worth in fun all its long life, and a trade-in value that will make you realize all over again that nothing — no, nothing — has ever topped Chevrolet for **VALUE**.

Why don't you all drop around to your dealer's and take a ride in a new Chevrolet?



SAFER STOPPING, TOO! The going's great and so is the stopping! Those broad-shouldered Chevrolet brakes with bonded linings are a full 11 inches in diameter. That's to give you easier stops and safer control—anywhere, any time!

YEAR AFTER YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CARS



Sensational NEW Discovery in Powder...



Ardena Invisible Veil

by Elizabeth Arden

Created in France by a secret process, this invisible veil of powder is unbelievably fine . . . and goes on so softly—without flying or misting—and covers every shadow and pore. And, at the same time, Invisible Veil imparts a clear luminous look of indefinable charm to every skin.

Introduced first in the famous pressed powder compact, Invisible Veil is now presented in loose Powder—in an exquisite flowered three-dimensional box. It blesses every skin with a clear fresh beauty and leaves a lovely trace of Elizabeth Arden's own intangible signature . . . a faint perfume of rare delicacy. In 10 perfectly graduated shades.

6.00 a box

Elizabeth Arden

London • New York • Paris • Toronto

BEAUTY



Memo from Rosemary

OUTLOOK FOR FALL—NEW FACES



Your holiday is over . . . You've shaken the sand from your shoes, brushed the salt from your hair, taken a long, deep breath—and sat down. Now what? Step up and take a good long look in that mirror. Look closely—and what do you see? If you've been a Prudent Puss and pampered your epidermis with creams and lotions, sun filters and skin food, then you need read no further. This is not for you. But if, as we strongly suspect, you heaved a sigh of contentment, wriggled your toes in the sand and blissfully let sun, wind and water

do what they would, chances are you now see a complexion that, for all its lovely suntan, has the texture of an old leather boot and some telltale lines and wrinkles as well. Are we right? Then roll up your sleeves . . . there's a remedy ahead.

Get rid of that leathery look . . . Start by making a few shrewd moves toward a skin that's softer, younger and more than likely to stay that way. Ignore not the lowly massage. We know that this has been said before but it's an undeniable truth that, carried out faithfully for about ten minutes every night, massage will work wonders toward keeping a complexion youthful, vital and glowing. Use a rich lubricating cream, and use it liberally—slather it on your face, neck and fingertips. Then, starting at the base of the throat and using the backs of your fingers, work up beneath the chin and along the jawbone to behind the ears with strong, upward strokes. You can just feel the saggingness being squeezed away. Start again, this time using the tips of the fingers, and work with a light, circular movement from the base of the throat up over the cheekbones and out toward the temples. Then for the forehead, begin by circling the nostrils, traveling up between the eyes and on to the forehead, finishing with sweeping strokes toward the temples. Remember, always work upward and outward, and give a lift to your face.



A bonus treatment . . . No longer is the phrase "face lift" synonymous with all the distressing paraphernalia of a surgical operation. Nowadays, a remedy for sagging contours and encroaching wrinkles comes in a jar and requires no more professional skill than a bare knowledge of massage. So if yours is a mature skin which is (be honest) showing signs of weariness, this is the answer. All you have to do is massage the rich filmy cream into your skin at night and sleep while it sinks into the pores, lifts and firms the contours and helps erase lines and wrinkles. It's as simple as that.

Continued on page 10

Meet America's First Lady of Food

*In millions of kitchens her cook book
has a place of honour*

Here is a woman who has become one of the best-known personalities in America today. Her lifework has been the study and preparation of food and, through her famous kitchens, the giving of her knowledge and advice to homemakers. Millions of women hold her in affectionate regard and consider her their friend and advisor. Her name is Betty Crocker.

This gracious lady has many friends among Canadian homemakers. To them, and to all other homemakers in Canada, the story of Betty Crocker is of special interest at this time for her Canadian Kitchen has just been opened and her many recipe and menu services will now be available to them.

It was in Minneapolis, in the heart of the great grain cupboard of the Mid-West, that the first Betty Crocker Kitchen was established by General Mills. Her philosophy was . . . and remains to this day . . . that homemaking is the most important job in the world.

And, it was her belief that the preparation and serving of wholesome food would always be the most vital and rewarding part of homemaking. Her famous recipe service, established many years ago, is based on recipes that are tested again and again by the Betty Crocker staff, and then confirmed before publishing by hundreds of homemakers who test for her in their own kitchens.

Betty Crocker's mailbag reaches an amazing volume. In one year alone, over eight hundred thousand letters were addressed to her, and every one was answered. These letters pouring into her sunny kitchens day by day, and month after month, help Betty Crocker and her staff to anticipate the needs of modern families, and to decide in what form foods can be made most appealing and useful.

During the war years, her great challenge was to find ways to extend rationed foods and make full use of the foods available.

As one answer to American homemakers' desire for new ideas and time-saving methods, the Betty Crocker Kitchens developed the Chiffon Cake, the delightful masterpiece which is regarded as the only truly new cake in a hundred years. In addition, new uses were developed for Bisquick, her popular all-purpose mix. And although these new methods were designed to save time, Betty Crocker knew that the results would bring pleasure to the homemaker. The pride that they take in their own accomplishments has always been her great concern and joy.

The Betty Crocker layer cake mixes are recent creations. In result they had to match the richness, lightness and tenderness of the homemaker's own cake, and have the same delicate flavour and keeping qualities. After long testing she found that this could only be achieved, consistently, when the homemaker added her own fresh eggs at baking time. So sure is she that Canadian women will be delighted with the Betty Crocker cake mix cakes they take from their ovens that she actually promises . . . "A perfect cake every time you bake, cake after cake."

Betty Crocker services, the warmth and volume of her mail, her famous cook books, and

the number of homemaker friends who visit her cheerful kitchens, all help her provide what is consistently voted "The most helpful Home Service Programme in America".

During the past seven years almost forty-eight thousand guests visited the Betty Crocker Kitchens in Minneapolis, and this great lady's fame is widespread for these callers came from thirty-seven countries.

Now Betty Crocker has come to Canada. At the new Canadian home of General Mills there is a bright new Betty Crocker kitchen, supervised by a Canadian Home Economist who has been in the Minneapolis kitchens for several years. One by one, the cake-mixes, ready-to-eat cereals, and other foods sponsored by this First Lady of Food, will become familiar sights in stores and kitchens across the land. Homemakers in some regions are already enjoying them, and all Provinces will be supplied in the near future. The services, advice and foods which Canadian homemakers associate with this famous personality will now be as close to them as their neighborhood store, their postman and Betty Crocker's Canadian kitchen.

*There is a warm welcome for visitors
in the new Betty Crocker Kitchen at
General Mills (Canada) Ltd. Martin
Grove Road, Rexdale, Toronto.*



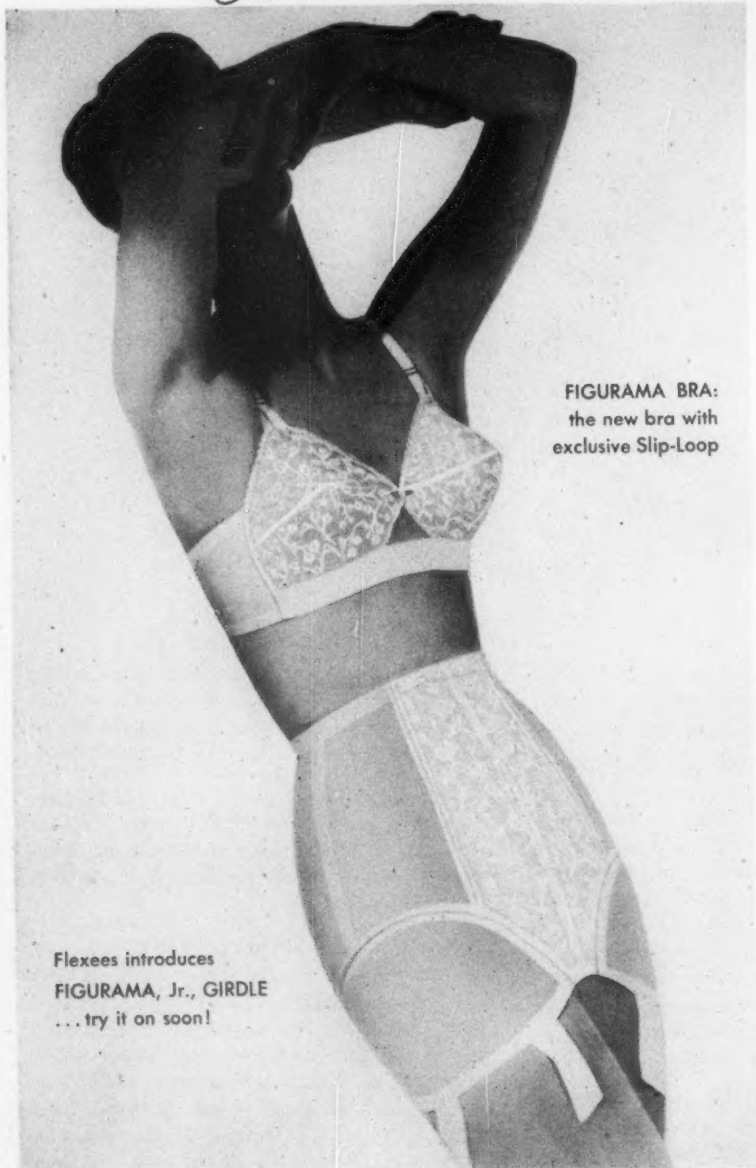
The New Canadian Home of Betty Crocker



Yours! new beauty...new freedom...

THE SHAPE ALL FASHIONS DEMAND:

Figurama, JR.



FIGURAMA BRA:
the new bra with
exclusive Slip-Loop

Flexees introduces
FIGURAMA, Jr., GIRDLE
...try it on soon!

Be the figure of fashion in this wonderful Figurama, Jr., Flexees just-created Step-in. Its separate elastic sections follow the directional pull of your body muscles. It gently, persuasively lifts, sleeks and holds your figure... gives you new youthful beauty, superlative comfort! Choose yours soon!

Figurama, Jr., Girdle: of feather-light nylon leno lastique; front panel of embroidered nylon sheer. White. Sizes 24-30. \$4.95

Figurama Bra with exclusive Slip-Loop: interlocking cups create younger, firmer contours; stay-put all-elastic back can't ride up or slide. Nylon lace, \$3.95. Embroidered cotton, \$2.95. Each white, in sizes 32-40.

Flexees[®]

*U.S. Letters Patent 2,607,037

At better stores, or write Flexees Canada Ltd., 48 Abell Street, Toronto 3, Ontario

Memo from Roxmary (CONTINUED)

Be natural . . . Play up to the face of 1954 with a look that's glowing, vital and so natural. But don't be misled—there's nothing back-to-nature about this face. It depends entirely upon the careful and very subtle use of the right cosmetics. A skin with a healthful glow has a beauty and an appeal all its own, so don't swamp it beneath a heavy masklike foundation and caking of powder. Do pick a light, colorless foundation, preferably liquid, and follow it up with a dusting of powder—in a shade that's a tone darker than your skin, of course. Don't bang the powder on with a heavy hand and a loaded puff so that it settles like flour, but go sparingly and smooth it in with a circular movement. Do invest in one of the new clear reds for your rouge and lipstick—a vibrant red-gold tone that pays a pretty compliment to a skin's natural coloring.



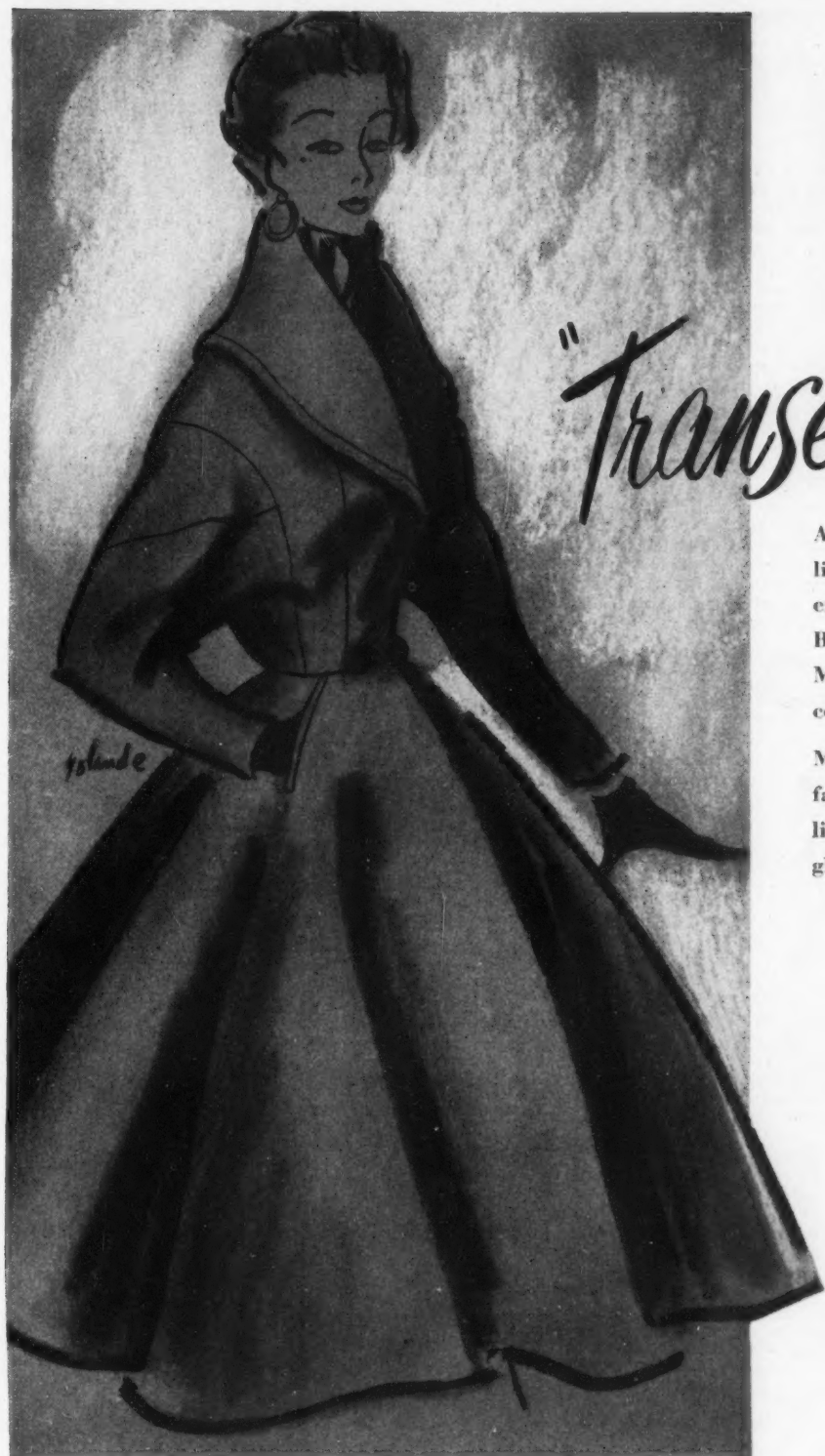
The stargazer . . . Is your chin-line firm and clear? Is your neck as smooth as the proverbial alabaster? Does your jawline make a clean sweep from chin to ear? If the answer to all three is a horrified no, then now is the time to take decided action—and here's how. Tip your head back gently without straining your neck. Open your mouth wide and then, keeping your head back, shut your mouth slowly and evenly, feeling the pull on the muscles of your throat and chin. Repeat several times until you are tired. This is wonderful for tightening up and toning the muscles of the throat and neck.

The blower . . . We've heard it said that laughter brings beauty to the plainest face but, while hesitating to look a gift horse in the mouth (to mix our metaphors), we would point out that it can also bring grooves. You know the ones we mean—those downward lines that run from the nose to the corners of the mouth. Now we do not for a moment suggest that you should banish laughter from your face from this day forward, but we do suggest that you banish the grooves by this very simple method. Every morning when you get up, stand in front of the window and take a deep breath. Hold on to it and puff out your mouth with air hard against your cheeks and upper lip, then open your lips slightly and blow the air out in little puffs as though playing the piccolo. That's all.



The fly chaser . . . Perhaps you can turn from your mirror with the smug (and rightly so) satisfaction of knowing that your throat and chin-line at least could bear the sternest examination—but can you be sure that it will stay that way? Ask us. The answer is yes—if you adopt this sure-fire method of outwitting, and out-exercising, the wrinkles and sagging chin that may be lying in wait. Fill your mouth with air and blow out your cheeks in the same way as "the blower." Then, while you puff the air out in short, sharp puffs, rotate your head in a circular movement—as if chasing a fly buzzing around in a circle. When you are tired or dizzy, stop for a few seconds and then repeat in the opposite direction. Need we add that this should be practiced every night or every morning?

The glowworm . . . Have you eyes that sparkle and shine? Are they clear and bright and completely unmarred by bags beneath or puffy lids? Yes—but do you know how to keep them this way? Here's the secret: when you wake up, blink, blink and blink again. This exercises the muscles around the eyes. Then take a deep breath, open your eyes as wide as they'll go and look over to the left, pause, and then back to the right and finally back to the centre again. Breathe deeply and relax for a second, blink and start again—this time looking first up to the ceiling, down to the right, over to the left and back to the centre. Blink again, take another deep breath and start circling your eyes from left to right, and then in the opposite direction. ♦



Coat by Stein & Gerson, Montreal, with exclusive delustrated print MILIUM Lining.

the best dressed people
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"Transeason Fashions"

A new luxury for fashion—the lightweight MILIUM lining. This miracle insulated lining makes coats extra warm on chilly days, cooler on warm days. Banish "in-between-coats" with one beautiful, MILIUM lined coat that gives you "transeason" comfort more months of the year.

MILIUM also extends its advantages to your whole family and your home. See how effectively this miracle lining insulates children's clothes, bedspreads, drapes, gloves, suits, coats and windbreakers.



Light weight warmth when it's cold—retains body heat inside coat. Works just like house insulation.



Better styling "Transeason" Fashions are less bulky; drape better, feel better and look better.



Cooler in the hot sun—reflects sun's rays from the body... works again like house insulation.



Saves money. "Transeason" Fashions extend the wearing season—worn and loved in June as in January.

Ask for "MILIUM" at better stores everywhere in Canada.

[†]
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BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

fashion for Fall . . . even the classic cardigan has been glamourized and simple pullovers glitter with gems for evening elegance. And besides being so pretty . . . they're so packable!

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE HAPPILY and comfortably in your old age . . . free from financial anxiety and worry? Well if I were you I'd purchase a **CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY** today! It's so easy to purchase a **CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY** . . . you can buy one outright or in convenient monthly installments . . . the Annuity to commence immediately or at a designated age. The Annuity may be for life or for life and guaranteed for a term of years certain in any event. No medical examination is necessary, either . . . and it won't lapse if you miss a payment! In fact, a **CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY** is the best way I know to assure an independent future. And remember . . . it's backed by the Government of Canada! Interested? I'm sure you are . . . so get this:



FREE LITERATURE . . . on how a **CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY** can bring you retirement income at low cost! Since there's nothing to lose and so much to gain, I urge you to act quickly . . . write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St. W., Toronto.

TIME TO GET BUSY . . . getting the children outfitted for the school year ahead. And just in case you forget, let me remind you . . . new "SCOTCH" Cellulose Tape is an essential item in a child's school supplies! I've told you about this new "SCOTCH" Brand Tape before . . . how it's the only one that sticks 6 times tighter . . . at a mere feather touch! That's why it's so versatile and efficient . . . and why it's perfect for mending torn schoolbook pages, holding clippings in scrapbooks, reinforcing pages in notebooks, and making textbook covers, to mention just a few of its uses. And you'll



find tighter-sticking "SCOTCH" Cellulose Tape a handy helper, too, in making schoolbox lunches . . . so when you wrap sandwiches in waxed paper and seal them with "SCOTCH" Cellulose Tape, they'll stay fresh as dew 'til noon recess! When you get a roll for the children, get one for yourself . . . in the familiar Red-and-Green plaid dispenser. At your Favourite Store.



I LOVE EUROPE IN THE AUTUMN best of all . . . because the countryside is at its most beautiful and the cities have an almost mystic charm as they prepare for approaching Winter. That's why I think this is the perfect time for you to plan your long dreamed-of holiday abroad . . . and of course the perfect way for you to go is to fly in one of **TRANS-CANADA Air Lines'** fabulous new Super Constellations. They're the finest, fastest, most luxurious planes in the air . . . with interiors designed exclusively for TCA by world-famous designer Henry Dreyfuss. TCA's Super Constellations are also bigger and roomier . . . to give you a feeling of being at home in the clouds. You always have a wonderful feeling of confidence when you fly TCA, too . . . plus courteous, personal attention. And whether you take First Class or low-fare Tourist Flights, you'll enjoy delicious, complimentary meals . . . so ask your TCA Office or your Travel Agency to help you plan a European holiday this Fall! You'll have a wonderful time!

FALL CLEAN YOUR FLOORS when you Fall clean your house . . . by giving them a beauty treatment with Johnson's **BEAUTIFLOR** Liquid Wax! I use it . . . and it gets them clean and makes them shine in one easy operation. I'm not exaggerating . . . **BEAUTIFLOR** does clean wood floors and gives them gleaming wax loveliness too . . . in one application! It cleans thoroughly, even the most stubborn scuff marks and stains come off with little hand rubbing. And how easily it buffs to give wood floors a brilliant hard wax finish that defies months of wear and tear. Why? Because **BEAUTIFLOR** contains lots more wax (genuine wax!) than ordinary floor cleaners and polishes . . . and this extra wax buffs to such a tough, gleaming film of protection that dirt and water can't penetrate it . . . tramping feet can't scuff it away. Best of all, a **BEAUTIFLOR** treatment helps preserve the natural beauty of your wood floors. Try it soon . . . you'll see!

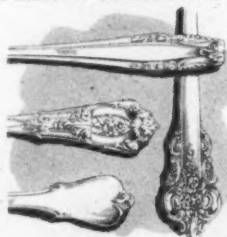


SCHOOL BELLS ARE RINGING once again . . . so be prepared for the minor cuts, scratches and other little accidents that happen on the playground by having **CURAD** Plastic Bandages on hand! They offer the best answer I've found to first aid calls . . . and for many reasons. To begin with they have a marvelous new "Stick-Quick" adhesive that grips the skin faster and closer . . . and stays stuck longer! What's more, **CURAD'S** exclusive new medication, **Furacin-Tyrothricin**, fights germs . . . doesn't simply cover them!



CURADS are waterproof, too . . . you can wash them as you wash your hands and they don't come loose, curl or fray. And they stay clean and neat-looking longer . . . thanks to their plastic surface which resists dirt and grease. Bauer & Black's new **CURAD** Plastic Tape in its plastic cutting dispenser is also skin-thin and washable . . . truly invaluable for first aid and general household use!

HAPPY THE AUTUMN BRIDE who starts her new life with the lasting grace and loveliness of famed **WALLACE STERLING** . . . for in my opinion a sterling silver table service is the mark of true distinction that goes on giving pleasure and adding prestige through the years ahead. And when the table service is **WALLACE STERLING**, there's the added distinction of exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty" (beauty from tip to tip, from front to back!) . . . which sets **WALLACE** patterns apart from all others and makes it Canada's extra value sterling! So see these famed **WALLACE** patterns at your Jeweller now . . . Rose Point, Grand Colonial, Stradivari and Grande Baroque. And remember . . . if you start off now with a few pieces of **WALLACE STERLING** and add to it gradually, you'll soon have a table service of the world's most beautiful sterling!



WE'VE BOUGHT THE FIRST DAY of our '55 vacation! It may seem a bit early to think about next year's vacation . . . but we've found it pays off to start saving for it well in advance. So each pay-day from now to next summer, we're setting enough money aside in our **Sunshine Account** at the **BANK OF MONTREAL** to cover the expenses of one vacation day. This way we avoid last-minute worries about ready cash . . . and what's more, we don't have to compromise by cutting down our holiday or going to a second-choice spot. That's why I urge you to make sure you have a carefree vacation next year, too . . . by not letting a

shortage of cash spoil your holiday fun. In other words, open a **Sunshine Account** at the **B of M** next pay-day . . . and buy the first day of your '55 vacation. It's far easier (and surer!) to provide for next year's vacation this "savings" way . . . for then when holiday-time rolls around you'll have all you need to do everything you want. And you'll enjoy banking at "My Bank."



CHEER UP, corn-sufferers . . . for there's no rhyme nor reason why you should endure the pain of a corn. It's utterly unnecessary! All you need is new **BLUE-JAY** Corn Plasters . . . because they contain a wondrous new ingredient called **Phenylum** which brings quick, comfortable relief! You see, **Phenylum** helps push out corns . . . from underneath. In other words, it travels down through your corn right to the base where it

helps new live tissue cells to grow . . . and soon these new cells push up even a stubborn corn . . . you merely lift it out! I know this sounds technical . . . but in actual tests **Phenylum** went to work much faster and worked far more surely than old-style remedies! That's why I hope you won't put up with corn remedies supposed to be just as good . . . instead use new **BLUE-JAY** Corn Plasters with **Phenylum** and get the fast relief you need! You can get new **BLUE-JAY** Corn Plasters at all Drug Counters . . . in both Regular and Ladies Sizes.

EVERY YOUNG MOTHER learns one lesson early in her career . . . that her very special baby requires very special care! Take baby's precious skin, for instance . . . it's thinner than a grown-up's . . . it chafes more easily and can be injured sooner! That's why I think it's wise to bathe baby with **BABY'S OWN SOAP** . . . for it's now enriched with **Lanolate**25. This is a wondrous new discovery made from pure lanolin concentrated 25 times . . . to give baby's tender skin the greatest possible protection from harm! And by the same token, I suggest you follow baby's bath with a soothing application of **BABY'S OWN OIL** and **BABY'S OWN POWDER** . . . for they're also made



by specialists and contain all the right ingredients to further safeguard baby's thinner skin! The **OIL** contains lanolin, too . . . and the **POWDER** is made from the very finest imported Italian Talc. So keep your baby soothed, sweet and comfy . . . by following **BABY'S OWN** 3-Step protection every day!

I'VE MATCHED MY MODERN KITCHEN with really up-to-date accessories . . . all kinds of articles made of flexible **POLYTHENE**! And that's exactly what I think you'll want to do . . . for it's by far the most practical plastic for household use. And the main reason I say that is because colourful polythene articles are unbreakable! They won't chip, crack or break even when dropped . . . in fact, they actually bounce! And this makes polythene ideal for so many items . . . such as refrigerator bowls, vegetable crispers, canisters, tumblers and mixing bowls, for example. Furthermore, the flexible tops and closures seal in your foods' freshness and flavour . . . seal out foreign tastes and odours! **C-I-L** polythene is perfect for infants' tumblers, dishes and toys, too . . . for they're light and have no dangerous sharp edges. So start building a complete and permanent polythene collection today . . . in your choice of a wide range of eye-catching colours.





Jean Shaw, of Toronto, does the family ironing while her grandson Brian watches.

"I Faced Up to Cancer"

How do you give your children a normal home life, not knowing whether you must leave them soon—or will live to see them all with families of their own?

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

HUSKY "Hec" Keith, who worked winters as foreman in the bush on Manitoulin Island in Georgian Bay, used to boast about his motherless daughter. "You don't have to worry about my Jean getting over the fence," he'd say. "If she can't make it the first time she'll back up and give it another try from a different direction. There just isn't any obstacle too big for that little girl to tackle."

Jean, whose young mother died when her baby was not yet two years old, was brought up by her father's family in Owen Sound, and in due time became Mrs. Bert Shaw, of Toronto, the mother of six good-looking youngsters. Today, at thirty-nine, she is faced with possibly the hardest problem that can face a woman: how to go on living cheerfully and constructively after a diagnosis of cancer.

Knowing that she has cancer and may not live to see her children grow up would, and does, deeply disturb many a less stable woman. Jean Shaw, true to her father's words, squares off and faces up to the situation. She recently explained her attitude to a friend this way: "From the moment I found out for sure I had cancer, at least I have known where I stood. I can make plans for my family, give them as much security as I can, and start them off on the road to independence. At the same time, I take good care of myself, the way the doctors told me, and hope for the best. If the good Lord lets me live to see my family grown up and settled down—well, that would be wonderful. If He doesn't, well, at least I know that everything's in order and my family is prepared to carry on when I'm gone."

Mrs. Shaw's disease was diagnosed in April 1952 as cancer of the cervix, when hospital doctors found a malignant growth located at the mouth of her womb. She has had six living children and four miscarriages—cause unknown. Although she is a big woman, apparently sturdy and strong, all her confinements have been long, difficult and painful, and at least two of her children were breech births. Mrs. Shaw believes her cancer is due to childbirth tears, but a Toronto physician familiar with the cancer problem states, "There is no definite scientific evidence that the injuries sustained during childbirth are an

actual cause of the cancer itself. Nobody knows what causes cancer." He adds, "We do know that cancer of the cervix is more common in women who have had children than in those who have not, and we advise any woman who has had childbirth injuries to have them attended to. Beyond that we're not prepared to go."

Doctors recognize the existence of four stages of cancer of the cervix, and base their prognosis on the spread of the disease at the time it is diagnosed. Over and over they warn, "In early diagnosis and early treatment lie the greatest hope for cure." It is encouraging to find that about seventy-five percent of Stage One cancer patients (that is, women whose disease is still confined to a small area at the neck of the womb) survive at least five years, after which chances of recurrence are less likely, and that about forty percent of *all stages* can expect a similarly hopeful prognosis following medical treatment.

However, a doctor connected with the Toronto hospital where Mrs. Shaw received treatment warns laymen that the medical phrase "five-year survival" should not be bandied about carelessly. "It's a purely medical term and indicates that a patient has lived for five years after treatment," he says. "It's a landmark, that's all. It doesn't mean that a patient can expect to live for five years, no more and no less, or that once she's passed the five-year mark she can expect to drop off any day now. Why, many people discover their cancer early and with proper treatment some of them live for twenty or twenty-five years after that—and finally die of something else entirely. When you consider that the average age of women suffering from cancer of the cervix is from forty-five to fifty-five years, at that rate they'd live to sixty-five or seventy—not a bad mark for anybody."

On the other hand, there is no guarantee that the disease has been caught and killed by treatment. It may recur any day, any week or month, any year. Thus Mrs. Shaw is faced with a dual responsibility: to live as though she were going to live to a ripe old age—which she may, and to live as if she were going to die in a matter of months. This, of course, is the situation which faces

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*It seemed that tragedy
might drive the Queen's
young sister into retirement,
but now she's going out again,
and everyone is happy about it—
particularly those thousands
of unofficial matchmakers*

By MARJORIE EARL

TWO EXPENSIVE, low-slung cars recently sped smoothly down an opulent-looking street in London's West End. With quiet precision they stopped before the handsomest in a row of Regency houses. Out of the first, a flamboyant red roadster, jumped a small, pretty girl in evening dress. "We've won," she called triumphantly to the occupants of the second car. Then, laughing and chattering the four disappeared into the house.

This commonplace glimpse of the rich at play would not be worth recording if the liveliest member of that quartet had not been Princess Margaret.

What makes the incident noteworthy is that it is one of a series that have occurred often during the last few months showing Princess Margaret as she used to be: the girl who loves parties, theatres, dancing and gay little dinners with friends in rakish Soho restaurants; the girl who likes to lighten the formality of an official visit with a joke; the girl who is crazy about jazz, dizzy hats and beautiful dresses.

For nearly three years this familiar picture of the most publicized girl in the world has been obscured by personal sorrow and the gaudy parade of history. The death of her father, the death of her grandmother, the embarrassing and painful revelation of her alleged romance with a

divorced man, and, as well, the immense ceremony surrounding the Coronation of her sister all combined to drive her into the shadows.

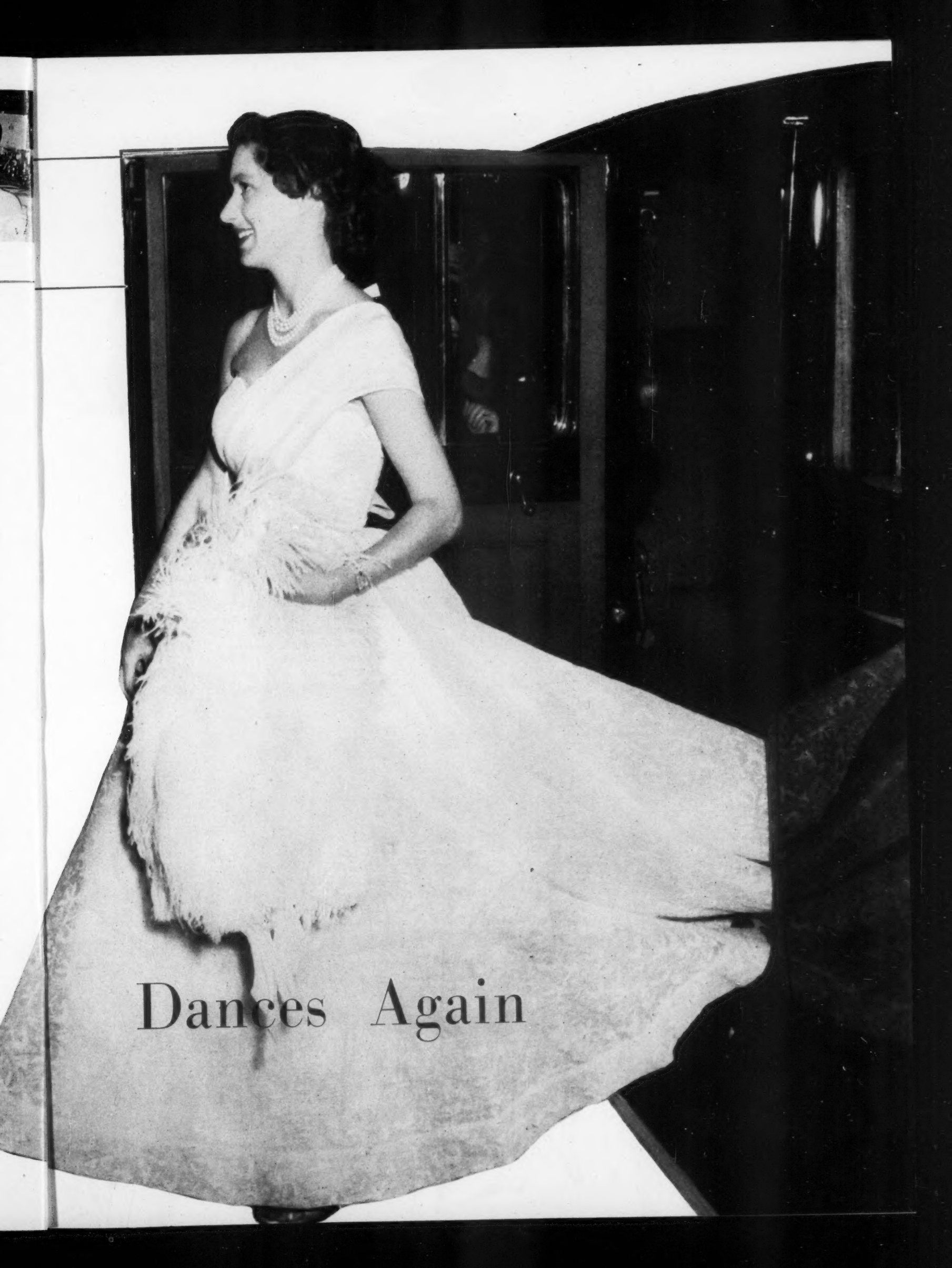
Now, at twenty-four, she is her old self again and the British people are as happy about this as they are about their increased dollar reserves and the end of food rationing.

During the Queen's six-month tour of Australia and New Zealand, which ended last May, Margaret was busier than at any time in her life. As a councilor of state she had to attend regular meetings and read and sign all state documents demanding the Queen's signature. Except that there were more of them than usual, her public engagements followed a boringly familiar pattern. She visited the Ideal Homes Exhibition and the British Industries Fair. She attended charity theatrical performances, she laid foundation stones, she planted trees, she opened housing estates and she visited hospitals. She brought novelty to these duties because she was obviously happier than she had been recently and more like the Princess who once said: "Good! Something has gone wrong!" when she got stuck in an elevator.

Last April, to the cheers of several hundred miners, she went down a mine shaft and cheerfully clambered among the mine props, banging her kerchiefed head on

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Princess Margaret



Dances Again



The Secret of the
**ROSEWOOD
CHAIRS**

Surely



IN A LITTLE while now they were going to find out what they had all wanted to know for years: To whom had Grandma Parker left the rosewood chairs? Nomy, moving among them with the tray, saw that Aunt Cora could scarcely restrain her impatience. Every now and then she would look meaningfully at Uncle Rupert but he ignored her.

As he took a cup from the tray he winked at Nomy. She suppressed a smile as she turned away. He's not going to read Gran's letter until he gets darn good and ready, she thought. The old rascal's enjoying himself thoroughly. He's never liked Cora, and he's going to make her wait as long as possible.

Who *would* get the chairs? I want them, Nomy thought. I've always wanted them. Except for Cora there's no one in this room who wants them as much as I do. With Cora, it's because they're valuable antiques. And with me?

somewhere in the old house Gran had left a last message

for Naomi—to tell her how to meet this first threat to her marriage

Oh, what was the use in thinking about the chairs? What happiness would there be in getting them if Bill stubbornly refused to give up this insane idea of his? Wearily, her thoughts returned to the argument which the news of Gran's death had interrupted. Bill's last words had been: "They're scheduling personnel for the job now. I'll have to give Pritchard my answer next week."

Though neither Bill nor she had mentioned the subject during these past two days, she knew that nothing had been settled. It was as if they had, for the space of Gran's funeral, held up the crossed fingers of childhood—the king's X of immunity. But when they returned home to Westmont?

I won't sell the house, she thought. I won't take Lanny and Prue and follow Bill around from one construction site to another. Just because he has suddenly decided that he can't stand the administrative end of the business any longer.

She had been appalled when he told her what he wanted to do. She had shrilled at him in a voice that seemed not her own, "You must be crazy to think I'd agree. Take the children away from their home? Turn their lives into a series of one-night stands? I won't!"

He had answered angrily, "Use sense! Building a dam isn't a one-night stand. Building a dam is . . ." He had stopped then and looked at her for a moment. Then he had shrugged and turned away. "You wouldn't understand."

I certainly don't, she thought now. What does he think *I've* been doing these past eight years? I've been building a life for them, haven't I? A good life. I want them to have all the things I missed. I won't destroy everything I've done just to satisfy this whim of his—this idea that he wants to see the dams go up in space instead of on paper.

Aunt Gen took the last cup from the tray and Nomy started back toward the kitchen. In the hall she stopped to look at the chair that stood there. It had always stood there. She set the tray down and ran her hands over the carving, remembering the day when she was five and had walked into this house for the first time.

She had known that she had a grandmother. Her father and mother said so. There were the presents that came at Christmas and on birthdays; the parts of letters which they read aloud, but she didn't believe in her really. Just as she didn't believe that people lived in the same house year after year. People lived in hotel rooms or boarding houses. They owned nothing that couldn't be put into a trunk. Her

Continued on page 55

Who would get the chairs? Except for Cora, Nomy thought, there's no one in this room who wants them as much as I do.

By Lucy Cundiff

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR CAHEN



Don't Educate y

DIPLOMAS WON'T MEAN

DOWN TO DISHPANS

FAR BETTER OFF LEARNING TO

THIS INDIGNANT HOUSEWIFE

WHO SAYS

STILL LEFT HER A

By Phyllis



HAVING LIVED through four of the seven stages of Woman (daughter, wife, mother and general stooge—there are three more ahead of me) I have reached the inescapable conclusion that the happiest women are those who have to take off their shoes to count up to ten. If you don't believe me, look around you. Look at Dora B., for instance, the dumb little blonde who never got through high school. Everyone felt sorry for Dora when she went out to work while the others went to college, but Dora knew her own career. By the time the rest of you emerged into reality with heads stuffed full of biology and eugenics, Dora'd put them into practice. Now the young husband she helped get started is a ball of fire and her four children are full-grown while you're still pushing a baby around the chain store. Dora knew by instinct what you lost through education, that a woman's real job is a man and the sooner you get behind him and push, the better.

Margery X. is a case in point. A brilliant student, she honored in English and took her degree to an advertising agency. Marge made good money, she was in no hurry to get married, but at twenty-nine she realized there was more to life than writing copy. Also, she met Harry. Now, at thirty-five, she's coping with diapers and dishes, struggling along on her husband's salary, seething with frustration in this lowest common denominator of women's work which allows no outlet for her talents. What's the answer? Go back to work? How—with two children under five? Write copy at home, as her old firm suggested? When—with a house to run and the playpen full?

No, Marge, there's only one answer. Sink your teeth into it, this is your job. It's the biggest job of all but there's something wrong somewhere when, after eleven years' high school and four at college, you plunged into it completely unprepared.

Yesterday I heard a conversation between two matrons at the meat counter. "Linda's going into commerce this fall," said one preening herself.

"She wants to major in economics. Of course it means sacrifice but we can't refuse . . ."

"I don't know what's the matter with Janie," sighed the other. "She has absolutely no ambition. All she wants to do is get married."

"Hurray for Janie!" thought I and gave three silent cheers for a girl who didn't put womanhood away with her dolls, who won't be stampeded by the twentieth century but still hears the age-old voice inside her. Janie knows what she wants. She'll be learning the facts of life while Linda's wrestling with economics. Janie will find her man and during the young, learning years she'll be starting the greatest career of all. Maybe she won't have much money, maybe the babies will come before a young couple can afford them, but there's bounce and resilience in the early twenties that's lacking at thirty. Janie's getting a real education, stepping clear-eyed and contented into the profession Nature intended in the first place.

Today girls are schooled and university-trained for everything except the job they're going to get stuck with. They learn French, Spanish, Latin, Greek—and in a few years they've got the screaming meemies because they're cloistered with baby talk. They acquire proficiency in advanced maths and can't balance a grocery bill with a pay cheque. They are brisk and efficient in the laboratory and have hands like a bunch of bananas in a kitchen. Urged on by well-meaning parents, spurred by demands for their services and big money, they master a thousand arts and skills completely unrelated to marriage. Then, being women, they fall in love and are plunged into a routine they never dreamed of, to mourn wasted talents and boil with frustration. Would they be so resentful of drudgery if they'd been prepared for it? Would they loathe cooking if they could toss off puff pastry as lightly as they conjugate a verb?

You don't hate the things you do well. If I had a girl-child—and it is

ce your Daughter

A THING WHEN SHE GETS

AND DIAPERS. A GIRL'S

BE SIMPLY A WOMAN, CRIES

AND MOTHER

HER COLLEGE DEGREE

DUNCE IN THE KITCHEN

Lee Peterson



perhaps fortunate I have only sons—I'd stick a mop in her hand when she was four because it'll be practically growing there when she's forty. I'd let her learn to read and write so her ignorance wouldn't be too obvious. After that, I'd let nature take its course. She'd be educated in floor-waxing, stove manipulation and sock-darning, also in being beautiful. She'd learn marriage is more than a white veil on her head and if she wants to live happily ever after, she's going to work at it. If her father and I weren't beating the boys off the front step by the time she was sixteen, I'd give her a postgraduate course in Lure and Home Sewing. I wish someone had done the same for me.

I am a product of education. Now, in my forties, I've been doing work for more years than I care to tell that I can't hire a maid to do—if we could afford a maid. The cleaning woman comes at six dollars a day and won't wash the walls, so I wash the walls. Who taught me? Shakespeare, Thackeray, the Brontë girls? Hah! I cook three meals a day and hate them all. Why? Because when I should have been learning how, I was jiggling test tubes over Bunsen burners. I've had two babies and was scared of them both. I'd never held a baby until I held my own—but I could tell you all about breeding fruit flies for eugenics. From the age of six to twenty-one I was exposed and turned on all sides to learning—and not one scrap of it applied to the job of being a woman.

The feminine skills are neglected, if not ignored, in higher education. A girl graduates in mechanical engineering and gets fouled up for life with a washing machine. A woman lawyer finds herself pleading the case of baby cereal vs. spinach. Because woman's natural superiority over men is being recognized, more and more fields are open to her. Teaching and nursing have fallen into disrepute, offering lower rewards than greener pastures. The specialist with a fancy degree has a brief taste of economic independence and gives it up to live as cheaply as one. The gift wears off the gingerbread as

children come to chain her to deadly dullness and domesticity. What can she do? Turn her youngsters over to someone else while she goes out to compete with her husband in a world of business? It's tempting, but if she's wise she won't. Those children need her as a mother, her husband needs her as a wife. She is wanted as a woman, not as skilled personnel and the holder of a degree.

Katie Brown's a practicing child psychologist. She spends long hours in her office while a maid brings up her kids. They're the worst brats in the neighborhood. Helen White's ego couldn't take what marriage offered her. She went back to her old job as chemist in a research laboratory and sent her two boys to boarding school. Financially, she's just about breaking even, and comes home at night to an empty nest and a husband she's too tired to talk to.

It isn't good enough. Oh, we've made great strides since woman's place was in the home. We sneer at the generation before us, the girls reared in gentility and taught only one object in life—to get a husband. But they were trained for it. They knew housework and cooking and sewing, they lived in big families where babies were handed around like meatballs. By their teens, those girls were past masters in child care and making a man comfortable. They were the Little Woman—they had to be. Men were men in those days—the gods, the breadwinners—and if you ask me, everyone was a lot happier for it.

The educated woman is the lost sex. She's the wife who looks at her husband's salary when the going gets tough and thinks she could do almost as well. Unfortunately, she could. But it doesn't do a man's ego any good to have her muttering over the stove about the classmate who's making three hundred a month because she stayed single. The educated mother's even worse. She's a pain in the neck to schoolteachers

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*After all, I mean,
when a girl knows she
is popular and good-
looking why should a
boy like Raymond make
her feel as though she
had an inferiority
complex — or something*



It Might Even



Be Love

ALL DURING the last half of my sophomore year I had this inferiority complex, not that I have anything to be inferior about. I am good-looking and popular, and my whole family is the same way. We live in probably the best neighborhood in town. Normally, you might say I should be conceited, with my background and everything. I own seven cashmere sweaters, and my little sister owns this very highly pedigreed dog. The vet's bills alone on that dog would ruin an ordinary family.

No, what gave me this inferiority complex was this boy Raymond, and that incidentally is a name I have never particularly cared for. The Raymonds I have known have not been what I would call the Harvey type. The Harveys in my life have all been tall and attractive. The only difference, however, between them and this Raymond was that they seldom noticed girls. They were busy becoming famous on the football field. Raymond had no time for football, although he did have time for me in a peculiar kind of way. I mean, it was not as if he cared for me or anything.

You will have some idea of what I mean when I tell you how I met him. You might think I met him in school, because he was in my geometry class and my English comp. class, and everybody is always walking up and down the halls and eating in the cafeteria and everything, but I never even said hello to him in school until after I met him in this unexpected way. He did not say hello to me either, although my first semester had been a perpetual foot race, trying to keep up with him on the way to English comp. after lunch.

He came to the house, pulling a red wagon filled with newspapers. "Any old papers?" he asked, as if we naturally kept them on the front porch.

I was so surprised I led him through the whole house back to the kitchen without uttering a word. I would not have said anything if he had brought the wagon.

That was when he introduced himself, as if he had waited the entire semester for the appropriate occasion, when he could come with his red wagon and his old newspapers. "I'm Ray Barrett," he said.

That "Ray" sounded like an alias. I mean, after a whole semester of thinking Raymond.

"I'm Beatrice," it occurred to me to say after we reached the kitchen.

"As in Dante?"

It was overwhelming. *Continued on page 44*

By CHRIS RICHARDS

Illustrated by Ted Harris



Ballots, Mars men and charm

Madame Henri Vautelet, CBE, whose mouthwatering reminiscences about Quebec family cookery begin opposite, is president of the Canadian Association of Consumers. She is the product of a distinguished French-Canadian family (one member was Sir A. A. Dorion, political leader of Lower Canada before Confederation), a strict convent upbringing and a brilliant lawyer father "who treated me like a son." Aimé Geoffrion, KC, left her seated outside Sir Wilfrid Laurier's office when she was a young girl, watching the notables go in and out as father conferred with the great man. He took her into the Quebec bush where they became stranded for two days, subsisting on berries and tea. At seventeen Renée Vautelet was driving Liberal voters to the polls where she discovered ballots being thrown out and forced the arrest of a returning officer. She became such an ardent Quebec suffragette that "I nearly lost my fiancé over it." Insurance broker Henri Vautelet married her anyway, and for his six army years during World War II she ran the business, tended a twelve-room house, two teen-age daughters and a victory garden, and worked for the Red Cross, Women's Voluntary Services and Montreal's Block Plan. Loaded with feminine charm she professes to believe that "the best treatment for hair and skin is the neglect of it." She claims to have had no education but is talented in all directions, having written and sold science fiction, painted, exhibited and sold her own oils. Always more interested in her next job than her last she only chuckles when asked about the wartime tribute paid her. "Yes, they gave me the CBE and I've been trying to get OBEs and MBEs to salute me ever since."

Memories of my Quebec kitchen

By Madame Henri Vautelet

A FAMOUS CANADIAN WOMAN WRITES WARMLY AND ENCHANTINGLY OF DISHES
AND RECIPES "THAT SPELL THE QUIET HISTORY OF HEARTH AND HOME"

MINE IS a modern kitchen but it is haunted by the evocations of many other kitchens, vanished and gone; by the lingering spirits of generations of women who took cooking lightly but efficiently, as something to enjoy while one did it, but to keep subordinate to the art of enjoyment itself. Their graceful competence shows in the swift convent script or the wording of the recipes written in the hodgepodge of notebooks on my kitchen shelf. They are like old wine in a new and sterile container created by the modern streamlined efficiencies around them.

Leafing through their pages can also release intense flashes of memory, for to me—and many others I think—certain foods are always associated with certain memories.

Buckwheat honey and flaky French *croissant* rolls are breakfast on a balcony at Interlaken, with the silver majesty of my first snow mountain, the Jungfrau, shining down on me. Scrambled eggs with truffles mean Paris when I was thirteen and first discovered such a delicacy. Hot vanilla-scented chocolate, mixed half and half with coffee, is a snowy New Year's Eve when I leaned out a window and felt myself suddenly part of my people and their past, as I listened (for the only time in my life) to blanket-coated *guignolée* singers, standing around a lighted lantern under drifting snow and singing the old, old carols first sung by the earliest French settlers

under the gale-lashed trees of primeval forest. The lovely old custom had become so rare that the singers were invariably invited in for spiced port wine and hot mocha, and so I tasted it for the first time.

Imprisoned in my own handwriting within the too many cookbooks I own are many such memories which have served to give good food importance in my life. It is a proper importance I think; for when the great of the world have finished debating the dates of nations and of such as you and I; have signed their declarations of war or of peace, where do they go? Home to supper. A supper some woman has cooked, out of perhaps such family recipes as those that give a bouquet to my kitchen.

Most people who scribble a bit dream of someday writing a novel. My dream for future leisure is far simpler: it is merely to gather all my cherished recipes into one printed cookbook for my daughters and their daughters' daughters. For being French-Canadian and living in that part of Canada where the tides of history lie deeper beneath our keel than anywhere else in the land, recipes such as mine that have come down from yesterday are the quiet history of hearth and home that supports and makes lasting the gaudier history of sword and exploration. Through the faded writing of long-dead women, the past becomes a neighbor gossiping over the details of some

delicate dish, rather than something forgotten and swept downstream. Recipes are heirlooms just as the old family furniture in our attics. They are also—to me at least—the proud answers to the challenges of a new, harsh world of the women of my family and my husband's family, who came from Normandy, Brittany, Alsace, Béarn and Sedan, bringing with them, apart from all other dowry, the tested ways of eating of their great-grandmothers, modified in their hands to meet Canadian conditions.

Good eating in Quebec is a family affair; one we do not share, as we should, with tourists and strangers. Our food is too robust for children, however, and I had to fall in love with kitchens long before I was allowed to enjoy their bounties. My nostrils informed me, therefore, long before my taste buds, of the delicacies being prepared in both our own kitchen and those of my grandmothers and great-grandmother—for I possessed and enjoyed both, our family having had the good fortune of always having four generations alive (and most competently alive) at the same time.

Luscious raspberry syrup simmering for cool summer drinks; eggs jellying in tarragon-flavored bouillon; maple syrup boiled with egg yolks as a marvelous sauce for rice; the wine-laced consommé that started most meals at my paternal grandmother's—these were a few of the summer aromas that drew me

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BARBARA JOHNSTON, who arrived in Vancouver a year ago from England, chooses a denim jacket for campus, country or any outdoor occasion. By Original Blouse Co. Ray Johnson, looking through the level, has just completed his third year of civil engineering. The increasing development of northern British Columbia has made this course one of the most popular.

By ROSEMARY BOXER
Fashion and Beauty Editor

Young fashions for fall from Canada's

On the beautiful campus at U.B.C. we discovered these wonderful fall classics and casuals, designed and produced in Vancouver, and now becoming known and worn everywhere with that West Coast flair

NOWHERE in Canada do young women appreciate the classic clothes of fall more, and nowhere do they wear them better, than on our West Coast. To cater to this display of eminently good clothes sense, a group of Vancouver manufacturers has come into existence and has flourished by making these wonderfully wearable clothes that are always smart and never really out of style.

They've made a name for themselves and their clothes, not only on the West Coast, but in other parts of Canada and the United States. Their tartan skirts with hand-blocked pleats, like the ones on these pages, are to be found only in Vancouver-made clothes.

So when we planned to tell our fall fashion story in wool this year, we went west and took our pictures on the beautiful campus of the University of British Columbia. Here, with the Rockies as a backdrop and the ocean on

three sides, we wandered through a magnificent setting, taking pictures of U.B.C. girls wearing these clothes that fit so well into the casual yet fashion-conscious life of Vancouver.

You'll see we had help from some engineering students, people who almost never get into a fashion picture. They were doing their field work with transit and level around the campus and they didn't mind standing in at all—just as long as we hurried up before some of the "guys" saw what they were doing.

The result is a collection of easy, *wearable* clothes, as right for the girl with a job as the girl at college. They are clothes that can lead a round-the-clock, and the year, existence; that can spend time in an office or sit on the grass; that can relax in the country for week ends, or take a dip into metropolitan life in the evenings. Wonderful clothes to have in your own fall wardrobe? We think so.



ANGELA MARKESI, a native of New Westminster, scans the horizon with Barbara outside the new medical school. Angela relaxes on the grass in an Orlon sweater and all-round pleated skirt. By Suzanne Sportswear, Barbara wears a plaid suit with a high-buttoned jacket—a skirt that's a circle of pleats. By Bernard Casuals. Both girls show Knee-tease—brightly colored nylon knee socks that stretch to fit any foot.

VALERIE KAPLAN leans against the campus billboard, with the university library in the distance. Valerie, originally from Montreal, moved to Vancouver ten years ago. She likes this coat for its new straight-falling fullness, for its easy transition from town to country life, and for its fabric—handwoven tweed with a fine, thin lining of insulating Milium, giving it an all-season span. By National Dress Co.

West Coast



Knee-tease by Monarch,
London and Windsor
Shoes by Johnny Brown
Jewelry by Coro
Sweaters by Glen Ayr Knit

MARY SCHAFER and Morgan Stewart hold the leveling pole for Ray Johnson (opposite page). Mary, who is honoring in Commerce, chooses a softly molded suit in a fine wool plaid with a belted jacket and all-round pleated skirt—the pleats hand-blocked with faultless precision. By Suzanne Sportswear.

more fall fashions on next page



VALERIE CHOOSES a tweed costume for day-into-evening activities—a Milium-lined jacket over a matching jumper.

By Maria Loré Wiener.



BARBARA FINDLAY puts in some studying on the steps of the law building, wearing a sweater and slim flannel skirt with flapped pockets. By Suzanne Sportswear.

YOUNG FASHIONS FOR FALL

(continued)



ALL SIGHTS ON VALERIE in a camel's-hair coat, cut the newest less-than-long length and with its own Milium windproof lining. No longer confined to the country, the camel's-hair coat is now appearing with immense assurance in town. By Maria Loré Wiener.



ANGELA MARKESI and Barbara Johnston swap notes outside the Brock Building. Angela wears a worsted flannel skirt, by Bernard Casuals. Barbara chooses a double-breasted blazer, flannel skirt. By James Chambers.

Delicious...nutritious...and very easy!

Soup for Lunch

CAMPBELL'S
CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP
Cottage Cheese Salad
with Fruit
Hot Tea



"I just pick a soup from my Soup Shelf—and plan a meal around it. For lunch or supper there's no main dish like soup. I keep plenty of the family's favorite soups always on hand; especially Tomato and Cream of Mushroom—I use them so much in cooking."

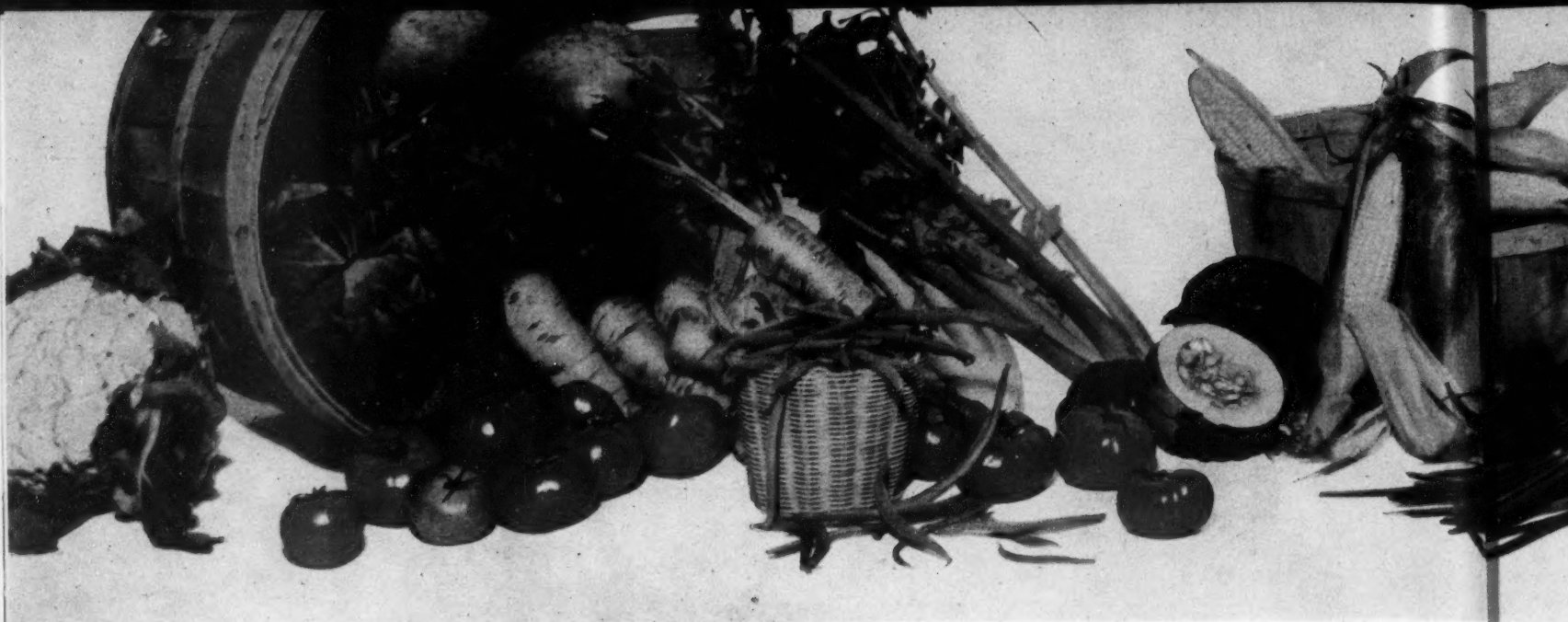
What could be simpler . . . or more delicious . . . than a big bowl of good hot soup to plan a meal around? Soup at lunchtime "warms the innards" and nourishes . . . gives the children (Daddy, too) a new fund of energy for the afternoon. It's thrifty, a good food value. And 21 Campbell's Kinds to choose from! So today, start your family on this grand eating habit. Have soup for lunch!

JUST 4 MINUTES
FROM SHELF
TO TABLE!



Campbell's SOUPS

NEW! CAMPBELL'S ONION SOUP . . . TRY IT TODAY



How to make the most of this fall's vegetables

By FRANCES HUCKS and JEAN BYERS
Chatelaine Institute

*Our Canadian horn of plenty's spilling over
a striking picture plate, serve them with real*

ALL ACROSS Canada the fall vegetable crop is coming in, and all around your dinner table mouths are watering for the annual feast. Here are basic cooking tips, on page 30 there's an all-vegetable cooking chart, and elsewhere a harvest of delicious Chatelaine menus to supplement those with the dishes pictured below.

How to buy and store: Fresh, firm, and bright. Look for all three when shopping *in person* for vegetables. Choose crisp leafy vegetables. Other types should be firm and of good weight for their size. Only buy the amount you can store easily. For short storage of vegetables, brush off excess dirt, remove large leaves, cut tops off carrots and beets (cook greens as soon as possible) and store in crisper of refrigerator or, for root vegetables, in a cool place until ready to use.

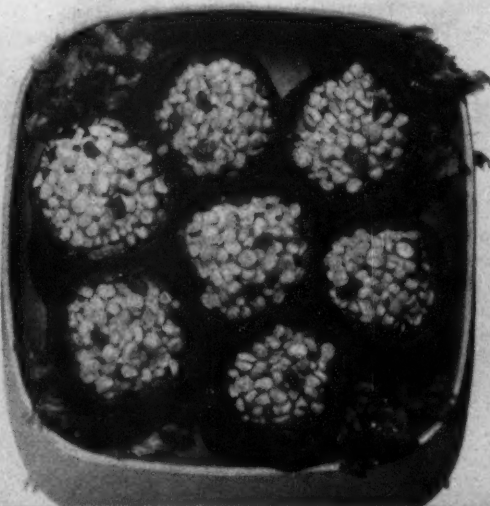
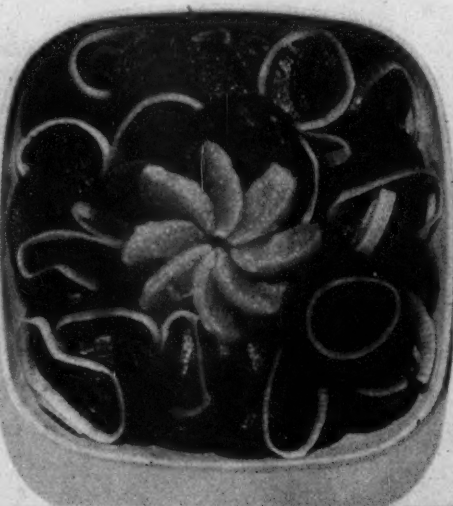
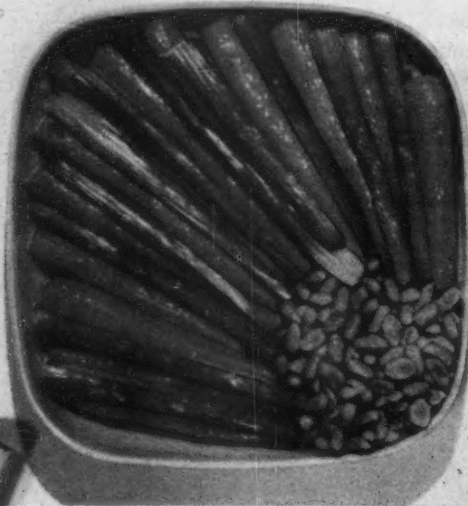
Preparation: Clean vegetables thoroughly before cooking. More vitamins and minerals are retained if skins are left on and unbroken.

Cooking: *Boiling*—cook vegetables in a small amount of boiling water, covered with a tight-fitting lid, for the shortest possible time. Cabbage,

GLAZED CARROTS AND CELERY: Select carrots of uniform size, wash, peel, boil until tender. Drain, roll in sugar, cook in butter over low heat until well glazed. Cut celery stalks same length as carrots, wash, cook until tender in seasoned chicken stock. Arrange vegetables in serving dish, sprinkle with salted peanuts.

BEETS, ONIONS AND ORANGE: A provocative blending of flavors. Peel and slice beets before or after cooking, peel onions, slice thin and cook—or separate into rings and leave raw. Make recipe for Medium White Sauce but substitute orange juice for milk and add a dash of vinegar. Garnish with fresh orange sections.

BAKED CORN-FILLED PEPPERS: Cut stem end from peppers, remove seeds and veins and wash. Parboil 5 to 7 minutes, drain. Fill with cooked, fresh corn, seasoned and mixed with cut pimiento and a little cream. Stand in shallow pan, containing a little hot water and bake ½ hour at 375 deg. F. Try canned kernels too.





this month with good fresh vegetables just waiting for you to show your appreciation—make hollandaise sauce, or see what oranges or salted nuts can do

Brussels sprouts, and cauliflower may be boiled in a larger amount of water to reduce the strong flavor. Leafy vegetables like spinach require only the water which clings to the leaves after washing. To preserve the color of green vegetables remove the lid for the last few minutes of the cooking period. *Never* add soda to retain color as it destroys vitamins. Cook any vegetable only until tender or crisp-tender for best flavor and the most mineral and vitamin content.

Waterless: The idea here is to cook without water to retain more nutrients. However it is usually better to add a small amount (four tablespoons) boiling water to prevent burning. Cook on low heat for the minimum time before lifting cover. If vapor escapes during cooking, reduce heat.

Pressure: Follow manufacturer's instructions. Only enough water to give steam pressure is used in this method—in general, one-quarter cup for vegetables which cook in less than eight minutes, and one-half cup for vegetables that take over eight minutes. Bring down pressure rapidly and safely by placing the cooker in cool water or under a running tap.

Other Methods: *pan-sautéing*, where vegetables are "julienned" (cut into fine slivers) and cooked—with a few tablespoons of fat in a tightly covered skillet; *steaming*, where the vegetables are cooked on a rack above boiling water in a closely-covered steamer; and *baking*, where vegetables are baked without liquid in a covered casserole.

Seasoning: Almost any vegetable is improved with the addition of a small amount of seasoning. Salt is added at the beginning with all methods except waterless, where the salt is added just before serving. Pure monosodium glutamate can also be used to intensify flavor.

CHATELAINE'S VEGETABLE COOKING CHART ON NEXT PAGE

MORE COOKING TIPS AND PICTURES ON PAGES 32 AND 34

PICTURE PLATES, SAUCES AND VEGETABLE MEALS ON PAGE 36

BAKED SQUASH WITH FRENCHED BEANS:

Scrub pepper squash, cut in halves, remove seeds. Brush inside with butter or margarine, place cut side down in shallow pan with a little water. Bake at 400 deg. F. 45 minutes or until tender. Season and fill with hot Frenched beans. Top each with butter and paprika.

FRENCH-FRIED CAULIFLOWER:

Separate a trimmed cauliflower head into flowerets. Wash, trim stems and cook in boiling salted water 5 minutes. Drain and cool. Dip each floweret in 1 egg beaten with 2 tablespoons water, coat with sifted dry bread crumbs and fry in deep fat at 375 deg. F. until browned—2 to 3 minutes.

RED AND GREEN CABBAGE:

Cook 2 medium onions in 3 tablespoons fat until soft. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, 1 to 2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 4 to 5 cups shredded red cabbage. Cover, cook 20 to 25 minutes. Drain, put in serving dish, top with cooked green cabbage wedges and green pepper strips.





Chatelaine's VEGETABLE CHART



*Cut out, keep and follow—your key to cooking
vegetables just right every time*

VEGETABLE	AMOUNT FOR FOUR	PREPARATION	COOKING TIME IN MINUTES *				SERVING SUGGESTIONS
			Boil	Waterless	Pressure	Other	
BEANS Green and yellow	1 Pound	Wash. Cut off stems and tips; cut into diagonal one-inch lengths. For "French" beans, cut in half, then slit lengthwise into long thin strips.	25 - 35	30 - 50	2 - 2½	Pan-sauté 6 - 10	Serve cold, combined with niblet corn and cheese for a supper salad or add a small peeled onion while cooking, for extra flavor.
BEETS	2 Pounds	Cut stems two inches from beet. Wash, but do not break the skin. After cooking, remove skins by slipping off with a fork.	30 - 60	50 - 60	10 - 15	Bake 350 deg. F., 90 - 115	Serve diced beets with chipped beef and canned mushroom soup sauce on a steaming mound of fluffy brown rice. Complete with a green salad and a lemon French dressing.
BROCCOLI	1 Pound	Wash thoroughly. Remove wilted leaves and tough ends. Peel and slash thick stalk ends up one to two inches. Soak in salted water five to ten minutes. Drain.	15 - 25	30 - 50	2	—	Season and serve with cream sauce and grated Canadian Cheddar cheese or hot mayonnaise with added lemon juice.
BRUSSELS SPROUTS	1 Quart	Wash. Remove wilted outside leaves but leave sprouts whole. Small tender sprouts make the best eating.	10 - 20	30 - 45	—	Steam 20-25	Serve with melted butter or margarine and crumbled blue cheese, or try adding grated orange rind and orange juice just before serving.
CABBAGE Green (wedges)	1 Small	Wash thoroughly, and remove outer leaves if bruised. Cut into quarters or wedges (if shredded, cooking time, by boiling, is 2-4 minutes).	5 - 15	30 - 45	2 - 4	Steam 10-20 Pan-sauté 5-8	Combine lemon juice with chopped cooked bacon and serve over hot cabbage, or place layers of cooked red and green cabbage in a casserole, top with crumbs, and bake.
CABBAGE Red	1 Small	Wash well and remove bruised outer leaves. Shred. Apple or vinegar added to red cabbage helps retain color during cooking.	10 - 15	30 - 50	3 - 5	Steam 15-30 Pan-sauté 8-10	For a different flavor add two tablespoons lemon juice and a quarter cup of raisins to the water in which cabbage is to be cooked. Serve, dotted with butter or margarine.
CARROTS	1 Pound	Wash and scrape, or peel if carrots are old. Leave whole if small or cut lengthwise, in quarters, or slices.	15 - 30	35 - 60	4-6	Steam 20-30 Pan-sauté 5-8	Combine grated raw carrots and chopped ripe olives for a tasty sandwich filling. Serve cooked carrots with melted butter or margarine and a dash of cloves.
CAULIFLOWER	1 Medium	Remove leaves and stem. Soak, top down, in cold salted water fifteen to thirty minutes. Divide into individual flowerlets or leave whole.	10 - 20	30 - 50	4 - 6	Steam 15-30 Deep-fry 375 deg. F.	Browned butter or margarine gives cauliflower that extra touch so easily. Or try topping with a plain cream sauce peppered up with a pinch of nutmeg.
CELERY	2 Small Bunches	Wash and clean with a brush. Cut into three-quarter-inch pieces.	15 - 25	40 - 55	2	Pan-sauté 8-10 Boil 25-40	Serve cooked mixed with peas, or alone with a mushroom cream sauce. Raw celery adds to every menu as a relish, vegetable, or garnish.
CHARD	2 Pounds	Cut off roots and tough stems. Wash well to remove sand. Cook in smallest amount of water possible. For leaves or whole young chard use minimum cooking time. Stalks of mature chard take longer.	10 - 15	20 - 30	Just to pressure	Steam 20-30 Pan-sauté 5-8	Chop cooked chard fine. Add salt, pepper, paprika, cream and a sprinkle of vinegar for a new chard dish.
CORN	6-8 Cobs	Just before cooking remove husks and silky threads. Kernels may be cut from cob if desired, by slicing down the cob with a sharp knife.	8 - 12	20 - 35	4 - 6	—	Best when served steaming hot, on the cob, rolled in fresh butter or margarine, and sprinkled with salt.
CUCUMBER	3 Large	Wash, pare and cut into half-inch slices, cubes, or thin strips.	10 - 20	15 - 35	2	Bake 350 deg. F., 45 mins.	Serve hot, buttered and seasoned, on crisp toast, or hollow out centres of unpared cucumbers and stuff with a spicy meat mixture. Bake.
EGGPLANT	1 Large	Peel (just before cooking to prevent discoloring), slice, dice, or leave unpeeled and cut in half for baking.	15 - 20	20 - 40	1	Bake 350 deg. F., 45 mins. Fry 10-15	Slice paper-thin, dredge in seasoned flour, and fry in butter or margarine until golden brown and very crisp.
KALE	2 Pounds	Clean, cut off root and heavy leaves. Wash thoroughly in cold water.	15 - 25	20 - 35	Just to pressure	Pan-sauté 5-8	Add chopped pimiento, pickle relish or crumbled crisp bacon to well-seasoned kale.
ONIONS	5-6 Medium	Peel onions under water. Quarter or leave whole.	20 - 30	35 - 55	5 - 10	Pan-sauté, Steam 25-30, Bake 350 deg. F., 45-60.	French fried onions are a treat. Cut thin slices, separate into rings, dip in seasoned flour and deep-fry. Serve at once.
PARSNIPS	4-5	Wash and scrape, or peeling may be left on and removed after cooking. Remove woody core of very mature parsnips.	20 - 40	35 - 60	10	Pan-sauté 15-25	Serve parsnips mashed or cubed. Leftover cooked parsnips may be sautéed in hot fat until golden brown.
PEPPERS	4-6	To prepare for stuffing, wash, cut off tops and stem ends; remove seeds. Or cut lengthwise, retaining seeds.	5 - 10	—	—	Bake 350 deg. F., 45 mins.	Peppers add zest to many vegetable dishes and are especially good in sauces, salads, and pickles or stuffed and baked.
POTATOES	4-6	Wash and peel or scrub and leave in skins.	20 - 40	40 - 50	10 - 15	Steam 40-50 Pan-sauté 15-25 Bake 350 deg. F., 50-60	Potatoes are the most versatile of all Canadian vegetables and can be cooked in innumerable ways. Don't overlook a crisply browned mashed potato topping for a savory meat pie.
SPINACH	1 Pound	Remove roots, tough stems and wilted leaves. Wash in running warm water until free of sand.	5 - 15	15 - 25	Just to pressure	Pan-sauté 5-6 Steam 15-20	Serve spinach in toast cases, topped with tangy cheese sauce.
SQUASH Summer (vegetable marrow)	1-2	Wash, quarter or cut in thick slices. Peel and remove seeds if old.	15 - 30	20 - 35	4 - 8	Steam 40-60 Bake 350 deg. F., 45-60	Deep-fried summer squash cut in fingers, dipped in crushed cornflakes, beaten egg, then crumbs again, brings out a delicate but distinctive flavor.
SQUASH Winter	1-2	Depending on type of winter squash, cut in chunks or halves, and remove seeds.	30 - 40	30 - 60	10 - 15	Steam 45-60 Bake 350 deg. F., 50-90	Glazed squash is a welcome change. Steam until partially tender, then brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with brown sugar. Finish cooking in hot oven (425 deg. F.).
SWEET POTATOES (Yams)	4-6	Scrub; remove skins after boiling or baking.	30 - 40	35 - 45	10 - 15	Bake 425 deg. F., 30 Steam 35-45	Mash and season sweet potatoes, add a few tablespoons of crushed pineapple or a dash of cinnamon and have a new version of an old favorite.
TOMATOES	4-6	Wash and peel. (Dip in boiling water one minute, then in cold, to make peeling easier. If tomatoes are to be sieved, leave skins on.) Cut into pieces.	10 - 20	15 - 25	½ - 1	Bake 350 deg. F., 25-30 Sauté 8-10	Tomatoes are good in so many ways. For thirty-nine ways to use this season's crop, see the August issue of Chatelaine.
TURNIP	1 Medium	Wash, slice, and pare slices. Cut into cubes or fingers. Mash or leave cubed after cooking.	20 - 40	40 - 65	8-12	Steam 25-35	Serve turnip cut in half-inch cubes, sprinkled with chopped onion, parsley and melted butter or margarine.

* Approximate Only — May vary with age of vegetable, preparation and specific utensil directions.

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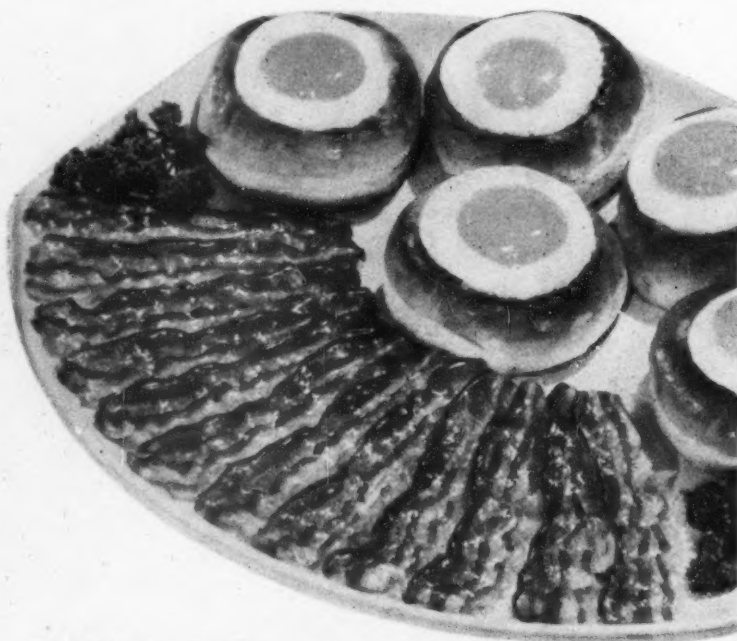
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MAKING THE MOST OF VEGETABLES

How to make Hollandaise Sauce



Assemble these ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 3 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water. Have butter at room temperature, measure into top part of double boiler and cream until light with wooden spoon or electric beater.



Separate the eggs and beat the yolks until well blended. Beat in the lemon juice gradually and add salt and paprika (a dash of cayenne may be used, too, if desired). Add this mixture very gradually to the creamed butter, beating during the addition to keep the sauce smooth.



Place the top of the double boiler over a small amount of gently simmering (not boiling) water. The hot water should not touch the top container. Gradually stir in the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of boiling water and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture just begins to thicken (about 5 minutes).



Remove the sauce from the heat as soon as it is creamy thick and beat for one minute. Serve with freshly cooked broccoli as shown above or with cauliflower, Brussels sprouts or asparagus. The sauce may be made in advance, chilled and reheated over hot water while stirring constantly. +

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CHATELAINE — SEPTEMBER, 1954

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Heat chocolate over boiling water until partly melted; then remove from boiling water and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Add milk, salt, and vanilla and blend well. Spread one-third

1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 to 8 marshmallows, cut in quarters

of mixture in greased 8 x 4-inch loaf pan. Place marshmallows over top. Then spread remaining fudge mixture over marshmallows. Chill until firm. Cut in squares. Makes 18 large pieces.

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MAKING THE MOST OF VEGETABLES

Cook them a new way

Try these four garden favorites these four ways that make all vegetables taste better

With a Frying Pan: A deep, heavy aluminum frying pan with close-fitting cover does a wonderful job of cooking diced, sliced or shredded vegetables. Here, slivered carrots have been added to butter or margarine (about 2 tablespoons for four servings). Over low heat with cover firmly in place cook them very slowly until just tender.



"Waterless" cooking: The water that clings to the washed vegetable creates the steam that will do the cooking in this stainless-steel cooker. The tight lid holds in all the flavor and food values. Here crisp cabbage wedges are fitted in the cooker, covered and cooked over low heat.



In the Pressure Saucepan: Timing is the secret here. Follow carefully the directions which came with your pressure cooker and the vegetables are cooked to a turn in minutes. Green beans here are cut on a wide slant, the prescribed amount of water is added and in 2 to 3 minutes they are ready to eat.



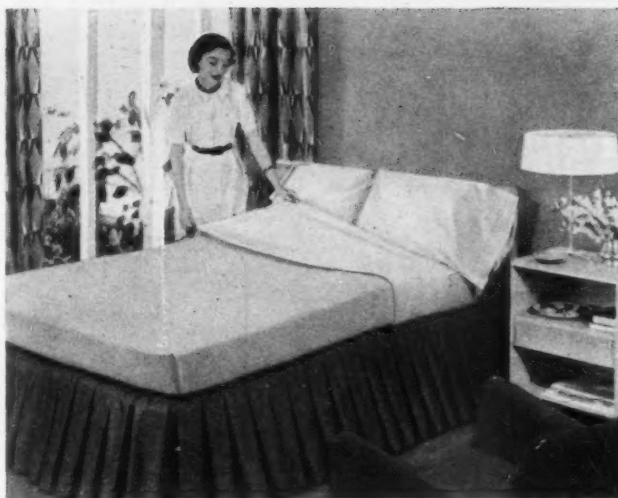
Try the Coffee Pot: Vegetables with tender tips and edible stalks will stand upright in your wide-mouthed coffee percolator. The stalks cook in the bubbling water, the tips in the steam and you can keep your eye on them through the heat-proof glass. Broccoli and asparagus are naturals for this idea.



No. 7 How Canada lives better

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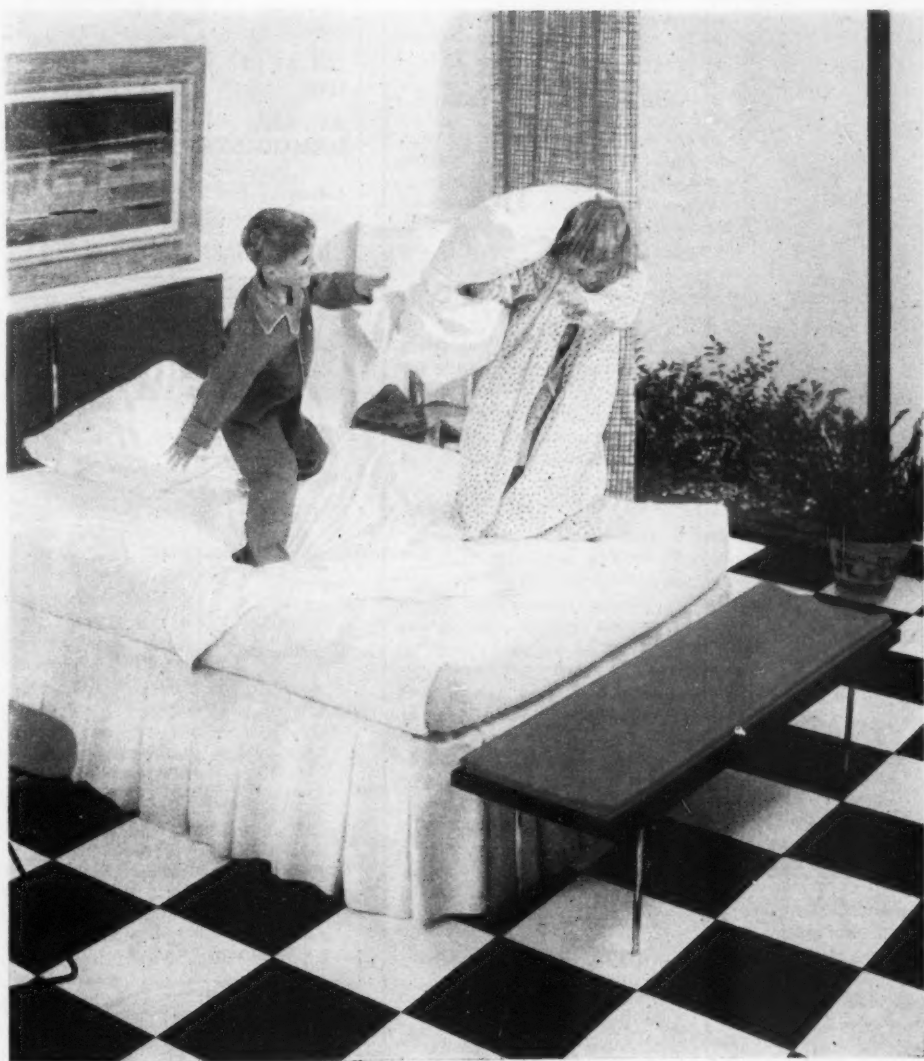
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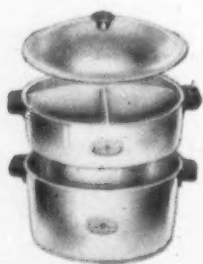
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MAKING THE MOST OF VEGETABLES

Picture Plates

Vegetable dinners that look as good as they taste

IT'S THE CALCULATED contrast that appeals. Consider the color in any of the three picture plates we suggest below: the deep purple of eggplant beside the creamy white potatoes and dark green spinach, highlighted by the brilliant orange of whole carrots. There's contrast in form and texture, and harmony in flavor—there's appetite appeal.

I

*Baked Eggplant Halves
Creamed Potatoes with Cucumbers
Spinach Whole Minted Carrots*

Skilful arrangement makes this combination into a vegetable bouquet. Precede it with a cup of soup—chicken or Scotch broth or some variety with a meat flavor. Let the dessert have a fruity tang—lemon meringue pie, apple crisp or a fluffy apricot whip.

II

*Baked Potatoes Pimento
Sliced Beets and Onion Rings
Shredded Green Cabbage
Savory Wax Beans*

A piquant introduction to this appetizing assortment would be a fish cocktail. And for dessert, how about a fruit sundae served with crisp nut wafers?

III

*Nut Stuffed Onions
Squash Casserole Peas in Potato Nests
Brussels Sprouts—Lemon Butter*

Start this one with chilled tomato juice and try a deep-dish blueberry pie for dessert, or maybe a cream-topped peach shortcake or crusty apple dumplings with a brown sugar and cinnamon sauce. Here's how we prepared some of the dishes suggested above:

BAKED EGGPLANT HALVES

Cut the washed eggplant in halves lengthwise, remove and dice most of the pulp and combine with 2 or 3 tablespoons each of chopped onion, celery and green pepper, 1 cup each of diced fresh tomatoes and soft bread crumbs and 1 or 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Season to taste and fill shells. Bake, covered, in greased pan at 400 deg. F., 35 to 45 minutes. Remove cover, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown lightly (about 15 minutes). 4 to 6 servings.

CREAMED POTATOES AND CUCUMBERS

Add 3 to 4 cups diced cooked potatoes or potato balls and about 2 cups diced peeled cucumber to 2 cups seasoned white sauce. Reheat. Serves 6.

MINTED CARROTS

To 2 tablespoons butter or margarine add 3 tablespoons mint jelly or 2 table-

spoons chopped fresh mint. Add 18 small carrots, cover and cook gently about 5 minutes, shaking pan to coat carrots.

BAKED POTATOES PIMENTO

Cut 6 large baked potatoes in halves lengthwise, scoop out centres and mash or rice. Combine with $\frac{1}{2}$ pound pimento cheese which has been cut in pieces, melted over hot water with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk and beaten until smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Refill the shells and brown in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) about 10 minutes. Sprinkle with fresh scissor-cut chives just before serving.

A GOOD WAY WITH CABBAGE

Shred cabbage very fine (about 5 cups) and cook 5 to 7 minutes in boiling water. Drain and add about 1 teaspoon of salt, a sprinkle of sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons olive or salad oil and 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish. Toss with two forks as you would a salad and serve warm.

SAVORY WAX BEANS

If you have a herb garden, add a few sprigs of savory to the beans during cooking. Or add a little dried savory to melted butter or margarine and pour over the hot, cooked beans.

NUT-STUFFED ONIONS

Wash but do not peel one good-sized onion for each person, cover with boiling, salted water and simmer for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain, dry and remove outside skin. Scoop out centres, leaving two or three layers as a shell. Chop the centres and for each cupful, add 2 to 3 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts (pecans, toasted almonds or filberts) and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs, lightly toasted. Season to taste with salt and pepper and fill onion shells with the mixture. Arrange in greased baking dish, brush with melted butter, top with more chopped nuts if desired, pour a little rich milk or cream in the dish and bake until tender in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

SQUASH CASSEROLE

Mash or dice cooked squash to obtain three cupfuls. To this add 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, a well-beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rich milk, 1 or 2 tablespoons brown sugar, a sprinkle of nutmeg and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes or until heated through. This is good served with diced, partially cooked bacon sprinkled over the top before baking. +



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CHATELAINE — SEPTEMBER, 1954



MAKING THE MOST OF VEGETABLES

Season with a sauce

WHEN THE FALL crop first comes in, who wants to eat the garden harvest any other way than fresh-cooked? But appetites being only human, before long yours may develop a longing for fresh vegetables done just a little differently. An interesting sauce provides that added something—and it will be even more appreciated later in the season as the market varieties dwindle.

Soup for Sauce: The simplest sauce of all is a can of soup. Tomato soup—as is, or with additions—is perhaps the most versatile, with mushroom a close second. Try adding a little chopped onion and green pepper to tomato soup and let partly cooked fresh lima or wax beans simmer in it for 15 or 20 minutes. Or add a few chopped, pan-fried mushrooms and serve with cauliflower or boiled onions.

Mushroom soup, thinned or thickened, is wonderful with peas, celery or carrots or poured over freshly cooked spinach. Cream of chicken soup makes a superb sauce for new boiled potatoes or fresh corn cut from the cob. All the cream-type soups have sauce possibilities and with such additions as grated cheese, minced onion, curry powder, horseradish or capers can provide an unending variety of flavor.

Seasoned sour cream is another simple sauce, excellent with cabbage, cucumbers, beets or small new potatoes.

Start with White Sauce: In the make-your-own class white, or cream, sauce is most often used. Any standard cookbook has the recipe. Use any liquid left from cooking the vegetable to replace an equal amount of milk. With a white sauce as the base, try these:

Cheese Sauce: Add 1 cup grated, nippy cheese to 1 cup hot sauce and stir until melted. Serve with cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes or asparagus.

Ketchup Sauce: Cook about ½ tablespoon minced onion in the butter when making white sauce. Before serving add ¼ to ½ cup tomato ketchup and serve with lima or navy beans, with eggplant or onions.

Mock Hollandaise: Prepare 1 cup medium white sauce, combine a little of it (hot) with 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Add to remaining sauce stirring constantly. Add 3 tablespoons butter and 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Stir or beat thoroughly and serve with broccoli, asparagus, chard, Brussels sprouts or broiled tomato slices.

With a Tomato Flavor: Follow directions for white sauce but use tomato juice instead of milk as the liquid. Season to taste and try it on greens or vegetable marrow or with baked, rice-stuffed peppers.

Tomato Sauce: Combine ½ cup tomato sauce with ½ cup mayonnaise and add 5 or 6 olives cut in thin slivers. Serve with cooked celery or Brussels sprouts.

See pictures and directions for How to Make Hollandaise Sauce on page 32.

A meal in a dish

AS A MAIN DISH for luncheon or supper, vegetable mixtures are a treasure trove of possibilities. Combined with a good protein food—milk, eggs, cheese, cut-up meat or fish—they give good food value. Seasoned cleverly and garnished artistically, they're a treat to the taste and to the eye.

VEGETABLE PIE

3 tablespoons butter, margarine or mild dripping	1 cup cooked peas (fresh, frozen or canned)
5 tablespoons flour	3 medium carrots, sliced and cooked
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup diced leftover vegetable (celery, beans, parsnips or maybe turnip)
½ teaspoon celery salt	
½ teaspoon paprika	
3 cups milk	
3 large onions, sliced or diced, and cooked	

Melt the fat, add the flour and stir until well blended. Add seasonings and stir in the milk gradually, cooking gently and continuing to stir until the mixture is smooth and thick. Add the prepared, drained vegetables and pour the mixture into a large baking dish. Cover with biscuit crust, cut slits to allow steam to escape and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes or until nicely browned.

CARROT LOAF

1½ cups grated raw carrot	1 egg
1 teaspoon grated raw onion	½ cup milk
¼ cup ground or finely chopped almonds	¼ teaspoon salt
	2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

Toss the carrot, onion and nuts together to combine. Beat the egg, add the milk, salt and carrot mixture. Mix in the melted fat and press into a greased baking dish. Set dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 to 350 deg. F.) until firm (about 1 hour). Serve with hot white sauce to which freshly chopped parsley has been added. 4 servings.

SALMAGUNDI

4 or 5 slices bacon	1 cup boiling water
4 or 5 small onions	1 lb. green beans
3 medium tomatoes	Salt and pepper to taste
8 medium potatoes	

Dice bacon with scissors, put in large saucepan and cook slowly until some of the fat melts. Add onions which have been peeled and thinly sliced and cook slowly until onions are soft but not browned. Add tomatoes, peeled and cut in pieces, potatoes, peeled and cut in cubes, boiling water and seasonings to taste. Boil gently for 10 minutes, add beans which have been cut in thin lengthwise strips and continue cooking until beans and potatoes are tender (20 to 25 minutes). Makes approximately 6 servings. +

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Make 4 FILL-EM-UP Dishes from one 2lb. loaf of Velveeta



EGGS AURORA

¼ c. chopped green pepper
¼ c. chopped onion
½ c. chopped celery
1 c. cooked tomatoes

Butter or Parkay
Margarine
½ lb. Velveeta
4 poached eggs
1 teaspoon sugar

1½ tbsps. flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 slices toast
Dash of pepper

Cover each slice of toast with a slice of Velveeta cut from the 2-lb. loaf. Melt under moderate broiler heat. Place poached egg on each portion; serve with hot Spanish Sauce. Serves 4. For the Spanish Sauce: sauté green pepper, onion, celery in butter or margarine until tender. Add tomatoes, sugar, flour blended with a little cold water, salt, pepper. Cook until thick.



In economical 2-lb. loaf,
as well as in 1-lb. and ½-lb. sizes.

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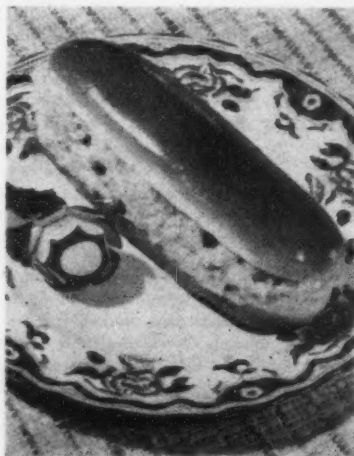


Two-Tone Golden Sandwich

Combine 6 beaten eggs, ½ c. milk, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper. Add to 3 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine melted in top of double boiler, and cook, stirring frequently until eggs are creamy and thick. Add 1 tbsp. chopped chives; mix well. Place hot scrambled eggs on toast (crusts trimmed). Top each with a thick slice of Velveeta. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta begins to melt. Add pimiento. Serves 4.

Velveeta Frankfurter Roll

Grind ½-lb. of Velveeta, ½ of a small onion, 1 medium-sized green pepper and 6 slices bacon, cooked. Add ½ c. condensed tomato soup (undiluted), ½ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne, dash of Worcestershire sauce, and blend well. Split 4 frankfurter buns, spread bottom halves with filling; cover with tops. Place in 400° oven until filling melts. Serve hot, garnished with radish roses.



Shrimp Skeena

Cook 1 c. raw rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and season with 4 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine. Pack into 4 well-greased individual custard cups. For the smooth cheese sauce, melt ½-lb. of Velveeta in top of a double boiler. Stir in ½ c. milk. Add 1½ c. shrimp (canned or home-cooked); cover and heat. Unmold rice into individual casseroles and add hot Velveeta-shrimp mixture. Serves 4.

MEMORIES OF MY QUEBEC KITCHEN

Continued from page 23

to the kitchen door and into the cook's way. In winter the air was rich with pigeons simmering in Burgundy wine; with our family's "dry" chicken hash, or the wonderful savor of my Alsatian great-grandmother's pork *pâté*, which in itself would have been family justification enough for the highly dramatic elopement of my dashing and colorful great-grandfather with his blond and very beautiful Alsatian bride.

My first summers were spent in an old family house, architecturally famous in books on early French-Canadian dwellings, that had come down to my grandmother from her great-grandfather who had built it in the late seventeen hundreds as both trading post and residence. An arresting hundred-foot-long dwelling, with three-foot-thick stone walls and sweeping Norman roof, it was situated in a small town, at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, called Dorion after my great-grandfather, Sir A. A. Dorion, and it was a house of magic to grow up in. The arched ceiling still displayed the iron rings that bales of furs and merchandise had swung from a hundred years earlier. The cornerstone came from an even older family house in Europe. Heavy iron shutters hung at the recessed windows and a great-great-uncle's ghost walked in one of the rooms (though not for me). Small cupboards in the stone walls were so cool in summer that my mother used to keep my baby sister's bottles fresh there, and moisture slowly seeping through the limestone foundations had hung miniature stalactites across the cellar roof to delight my eyes.

Yet despite all this it was still the kitchen that captured and best held my childhood memories. A wooden kitchen, built for summer, thick-beamed and sunny, with flowering vines, always full of the song of insects honey-hunting, cutting the sunlight into green patterns at the windows—and the aroma of fine cooking over all. The household water came from the fascinating old pump in one corner; the scent of clover drifted in heavily from nearby fields and I used to live in hope of finding one day the clear, honey-colored drops of resin, drawn out of the white-washed walls by summer's heat, as good to eat as they insisted on looking to me.

My love for kitchens began here. By the time I was nine it already threatened to drive my mother's cook away, till in self-defense she gave me a small kitchen of my own in our playroom and I started collecting recipes. After that for a while it was the family's digestion that was threatened.

Later summers spent in the Gaspé—then an almost inaccessible, unspoiled and infinitely lovely land—brought to my collection a few dishes old as Champlain's day, which are not family recipes as yet but may become so in another generation or two when my own grandchildren cook them. I met them as a child on expeditions with my father and mother around that magnificent coast, where we slept at fishermen's

Continued on page 40

*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

Continued from page 38
cottages and lonely lighthouses and ate the good food of the land. I was already an ardent recipe fan and in my scribbled notebooks are recipes for codfish tongues in cream and *flan-au-lard*—a light, unsweetened cake full of crisp, crumbled bacon or salt pork—also cod-cakes, lighter than any I have met elsewhere because whites of eggs, well beaten, had been folded into them.

Here, at the tall, white lighthouse of Cap des Rosiers, famous for its former

wreckers and as the last continental lighthouse seen by ships going to Europe, I tasted our Quebec *tourtières*—our well-known Quebec pork pies—for the first time. Formerly these *tourtières* had "dove" meat added to lighten the texture of the pork. These doves were actually the now extinct passenger pigeons and were called *tourtes* by the habitants of New France, hence the name given this three-hundred-year-old recipe.

My family had a fine variation of this pie. It was dedicated to the Christmas

season and was called the Christmas Pasty. An old great-aunt used to make it each year for our large, family New Year's dinner. The pie was a lordly castle of pastry at least a foot high. Under the flaky brown crust was first a layer of delicate meat jelly, then a filling of smoothly blended, well-seasoned ground pork, sliced turkey, firm white pork fat and either partridge or cooked ham. The whole enriched with sliced truffles. My mouth still waters when I remember how it tasted.

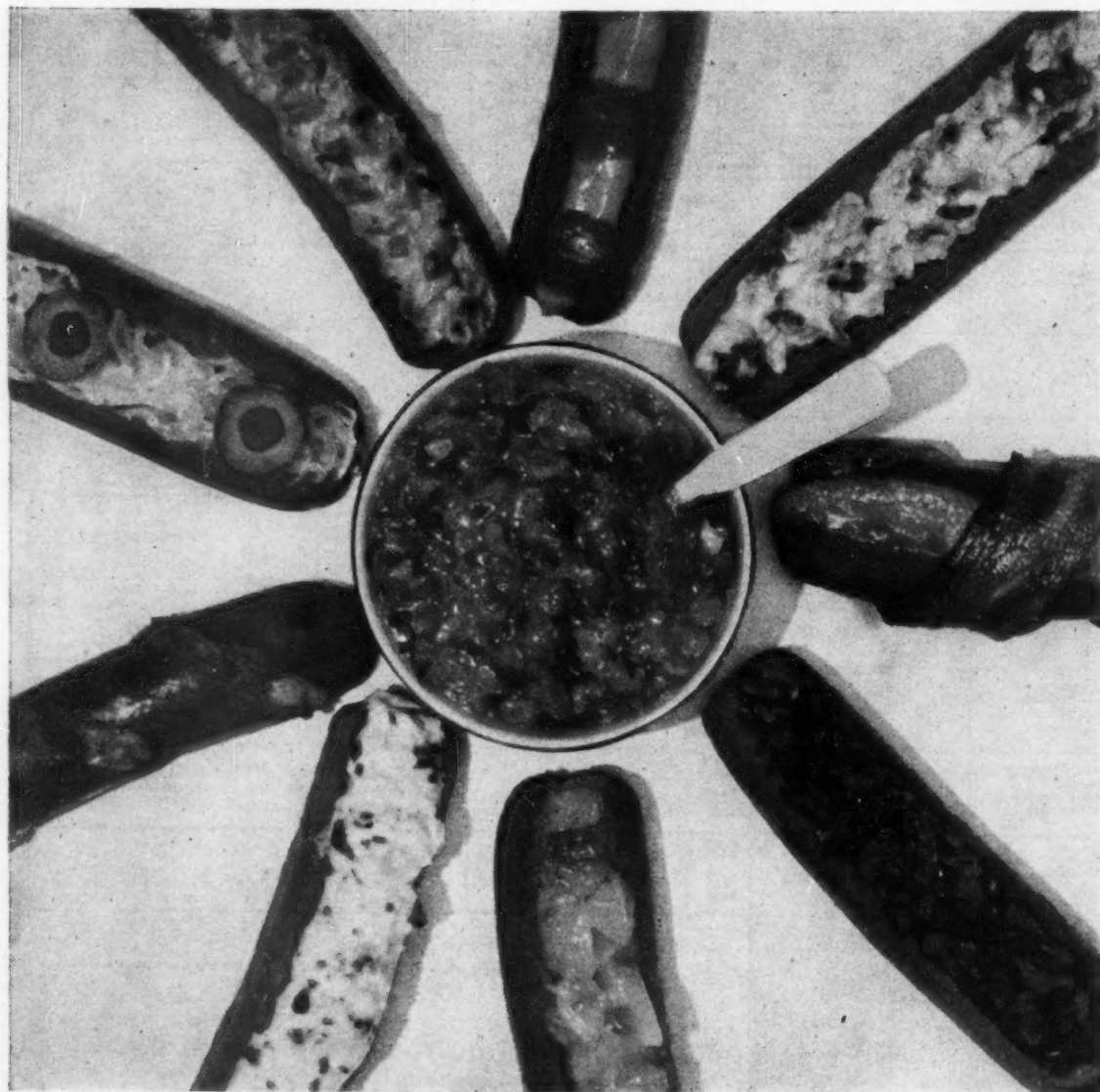
The recipe was somehow lost when she died and I still live in hopes of someday recovering it from the kitchen lore of some other Quebec family, for we French Canadians share widely most of our family ways and legacies of cooking, since most of our family trees meet and mingle at some point or other. There were less than eighteen thousand families in New France when the two races mingled and it is from these few families that all today's five million French Canadians, here and in New England, are descended.

Most Quebec recipes are based on pork, because pigs could feed in pioneer days where northern forests left little pasturage for cattle and because the fat on their ribs stuck close to the ribs of hungry forest-runners and trappers on winter forest trails. The same logic of circumstances lies behind most of our other Quebec dishes. Split pea soup (my family occasionally elevates it socially by lacing it with sherry) carried you far on snowshoe runs in zero weather, and wood-doves, partridges, maple syrup and cod were free gifts of the land. Actually our Quebec family dishes are pre-eminently winter dishes, and the best time and place to savor them is at the traditional *réveillon*, the family feast after returning from Christmas Eve midnight mass, or again at the all-family gatherings of New Year's Day.

Personally I have a weakness for the short midnight mass of New Year's Eve, where old nostalgic hymns from pioneer days weave a sense of history and ancient pride through the deeper religious motif. It is the midnight mass of Christmas Eve, however, that is the midnight mass of Quebec, the one always followed by food and feasting in the small hours of the morning.

It takes sturdy digestions to tackle the rich, traditional food served at a *réveillon*. Yet nothing tastes better—as friends and families return from church, under frosty stars or falling snow in a cold night full of the chiming of church bells—than the *tourtières* made from each family's own cherished recipe; the *gretons* and the *graisse de rôti* (both made from pork fat and drippings but tasting vastly different) spread on crusty bread; the brandy-flavored, crisp, flat doughnuts that every branch of my own family used to make each Christmas; the spiced cocoa and mulled port wine; the maple-syrup pies and eggs poached in syrup and the homemade liqueurs, now swiftly vanishing from Quebec's cooking lore, which I sipped in my childhood.

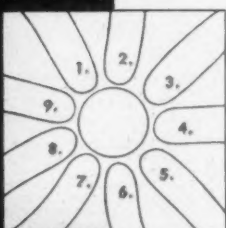
They were an all-family affair, those liqueurs. My father's mother—who lived till she was a hale and hearty ninety-three and confessed at ninety-one that her only fear was to "Live till she was old"—used to tell me that in the old days a silver jug of alcohol was always standing on the family sideboard; in it the seeds or kernels of all fruit eaten by the family would be carefully dropped, there to seep and slowly turn into the fruity liqueurs that today's easily obtained commercial ones have made obsolete. Her ascetic father, one of the legal and political giants of his day whom Sir Wilfrid Laurier once named to me as his teacher in politics, never failed to make his contribution to the family liqueur, though according to the descriptions I have of him he probably rarely touched it himself.



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- 1 Pimiento cheese, parsley and chopped green onion mix.
- 2 Sprinkle with brown sugar—broil—add prepared mustard, dabs of catsup.
- 3 Chopped egg, green onion, mayonnaise, salt and pepper mix.
- 4 Cheddar cheese, then wrapped in bacon.
- 5 Your favourite snappy pickle relish.
- 6 Mix prepared mustard into crushed pineapple.
- 7 Half 'n' half plain cream cheese and blue or Roquefort cheese mix.
- 8 Fill slashes with relish, stud with six cloves.
- 9 Canned sauerkraut, sliced stuffed olives.

N.B. Always buy wieners made the "SKINLESS" way... they're sure to be tender!

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That they were good, memory assures me, ensuring them a place in my heirloom recipes against the day when a more economically minded generation may once more turn to "making" as an antidote to "buying."

On New Year's morning my father would hire a sleigh and we would call as custom ordained on all our older relatives, while my mother stayed at home to receive like callers. Each household welcomed us with the crisp, light, brandied doughnuts (totally unlike what are usually known as doughnuts) that were a family Christmas rule, and with a liqueur. At twelve or fourteen this was heady fare, however small the sips served me, and the recalled glow of the crisp air, the exhilaration of those hours of driving through snow and sunlight may not have been only the product of the brightness all things have in childhood.

The New Year family dinners at my grandmother's brought forth menus and dishes that would send us all home waddling like ducks from overeating. For in Quebec's pioneer memories of want and hunger, gorging one's guests still spells hospitality and my grandmother did not fail the old tradition. At the same meal there would be roast turkey and roast beef, partridges braised with cabbage, either a hot chicken mousse with a sherry mushroom sauce or an even more delicious cold chicken mousse of mushrooms, chicken, cream, gelatine and truffles. There would be ice cream, wine jelly, perhaps a maple syrup or Madeira trifle, various vegetables, at least two salads, soup and so on. And my little grandmother, who weighed ninety pounds, would eat a steady way through every course.

Among the soups in my collection are two I find especially good. One, named by a grandmother of my husband Onion Soup for Fast Days, requires no meat stock and can be served on our Catholic meatless days. It has further virtues since it is a good filler-up for hungry young people after skiing or skating parties and has more tang than an ordinary cream of onion soup. To make it: slowly fry sliced onions. Add quartered potatoes and water to the quantity of soup needed. Then simmer the whole till potatoes and onions may be pressed through a sieve. Have enough potatoes to make the soup nice and thick. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese and you need only the lightest of fare to complete the meal.

The other soup is a variation of the classic French onion soup. Fry your onions, then sprinkle them with a little sugar and a lot of paprika. Cover with half consommé (or any clear meat stock) and half tomato juice. Simmer, or bake in the oven in earthen dishes till well blended, then pour over rounds of toast thickly covered with grated cheese. The name my grandmother wrote above this recipe was Viennese Onion Soup and I think she brought the recipe back with her from her wedding trip to Paris.

My maternal great-grandmother eloped in Italy after her father had irately refused to give his daughter to "any wild Indian from America." When her young husband went to Florence to enquire how his father-in-law was taking the incident, the latter clapped him in jail for abduction, where he languished till his bride appealed to the British consul. Through a long life anything this great-grandfather of mine did was

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MAGIC MOCHA CHIFFON CAKE

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
1½ cups fine granulated sugar
½ cup salad oil
5 unbeaten egg yolks
¾ cup cold strong coffee
1 tsp. vanilla
3 ounces chilled semi-sweet chocolate,
thinly shaved
½ tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix liquids a little with mixing spoon; combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold egg-yolk mixture into the egg-white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure). Bake in rather slow oven 325°, 1¼ to 1½ hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water.



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sure to be attended with similar drama. His wife was a beauty till she died, and a strong-minded woman as well as the best of all the good cooks in our family.

From Alsace, where her family came from, she brought a recipe we have always simply called *pâté*, which turns our whole family into gluttons for those winter months when we traditionally make it. It is made of chopped pork tenderloin, kidneys, fat and red onions, with many spices. The whole simmered slowly and long in water to cover, till it is wonderfully blended and soft enough to spread. This recipe, which is not as simple as it sounds, produces a dark meaty spread, topped with delicate white fat. It is so delicious that as children we fought over the sizes of our respective portions—with my father as combative over his share as we were. It needs a French Canadian stomach perhaps to handle it, but even today my husband and I carefully mark our respective bowls of this delicacy to ensure neither is robbed of even a mouthful by the other. And my sister in her early married days used to hide the provisions my mother gave her each winter, so her husband should not taste and develop a liking for it. Unluckily for her, he tasted it finally at my mother's and her skulduggery was unmasked.

The family I married into brought rich additions to my collection, for the women of that family were French from Sedan and famous cooks. It was a good thing I had played in kitchens all my girlhood, otherwise my head would have been bowed before them in shame. Two favorite dishes I owe to my mother-in-law's kitchen lore, which she in turn owed to her husband's mother. We call one *Macaroni Vautelet*—a dish of layered mushrooms (fried), macaroni, Swiss cheese and slivers of cooked ham, drenched in a tomato and Madeira wine sauce and slowly baked. This is luscious. The other is *Fowl in Rice Provençal*—a fowl browned in butter in which six or so large onions have previously been fried, then simmered with the onions in water half its depth till halfway done, with two to three cups of washed rice then added, plus nutmeg, sage, savory, salt, pepper and celery salt. The whole cooked—and be careful it doesn't burn—till the rice makes a thick, brown sauce that substitutes beautifully for potatoes.

This is a good "husband-fooler," something all young brides should have in their recipe books against the day when they must, as painlessly as possible, adjust the sirloin tastes of their husbands to the hamburger facts of their budgets. Mine were titled in my young-married cookbook "Recipes for Poor Days" and the pages they are on are well thumbed. Most of them come from the French-from-France side of my husband's family, where thrifty French housewives have learned for generations to marry savor with economy.

Have you noticed how the taste of things slips into almost all good memories? As a girl I climbed the snow peaks of Switzerland with my father, who was a member of the Alpine Club of the Rockies, and not all the memories, rich and varied, of glaciers, crevasses and snow peaks, of thunderstorms seen from above from the frozen shoulder of Mont Blanc, bring back more vividly the snow-cooled intoxication of the glacier world than does the memory of a light,

Alpine wine, served in earthenware mugs on the glacier-edged plateau far above Chamonix.

As I turn the pages in my cookbooks, many occasions that were graced by certain recipes come back to me with equal vividness and with a sense of family warmth and continuity precious in our hurried world. Pigeons cooked in Burgundy wine; pears poached in claret; a salad mousse of asparagus; the truffled turkey my mother serves at Christmas dinners—these and many other blueprints for fine eating become vehicles for memory as potent as perfume or music.

I don't know why we should be so humble about our cooking, we women. Why should appeal to the sense of taste rank as artistically inferior to appeals to the sense of sight or smell or hearing? People look surprised when I list cooking as one of my *equal* pastimes with painting and writing. Why? It is as much a creative art as the other three and women in creating the art of preparing food also created an important part of civilization, the part that sets us apart from all other animals.

It is to this challenge and adventure and importance within the collected recipes of the generations of women behind me that I would like to lend the "print dress" suggested by Mark Twain for Truth when you meet her. So that my daughters' daughters may some day learn the pride in good food and the sense of continuity—of being a link in a chain with all the strength of the chain within you—that lives within the collection of faded recipes on my kitchen shelf. +



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IT MIGHT EVEN BE LOVE

Continued from page 21

it absolutely was. I happened to be named after an aunt, but I did know about Dante and Beatrice from Father, who is the very intellectual type, although I never would have thought Raymond was. I could think of nothing to carry on the conversation, however, except, "Hilda, do we have any old newspapers?"

"New ones will do," said Raymond in an accommodating way.

Hilda said, "Well, miss," to remind me that the kitchen was her Kingdom. Hilda ran our house like Augustus Caesar. I mean really. To Raymond she said, "Young man, after this you come by the back door."

"Yes, ma'am."

Then she said to him, "You follow me," as if he were my little sister's dog, or something.

Well, after that it seemed just terribly important to let Raymond know that whatever Hilda might say, I certainly thought it was all right for him to walk in our front door. Hilda is actually the only stuck-up member of our family, being the only member with a fur coat. Mother will settle for nothing short of mink.

I decided to speak to Raymond the next Monday on the way up those four flights to English comp. They keep the elevators at East High for faculty and people on crutches. You would be surprised how many people go on crutches, mainly from just walking around. They sprain their ankles.

So the next Monday while running beside him, I said, "As far as I personally am concerned, people who pick up old newspapers are perfectly welcome to come to the front door of our house."

And he said, "You, however, are not the only one personally concerned."

It was then I began to feel this inferiority complex.

"I should say your mother is also somewhat concerned," he went on.

"My mother? Mother for a fact would not say anything if people came in through the windows."

"You may recall she told me to come by the back door," he said.

"Oh, you mean Hilda. You thought Hilda was my mother?" I suppose I sounded shocked. We are all as dark as gypsies, and Hilda is one of those very light-braided blondes who would be highly insulted if you took her for a Conner. "Are you trying to insult her?"

"I am not trying to insult any member of your family." Then he turned red, as if I had slapped him or something. And then, as if it had anything to do with anything, "There are plenty of them in the kitchen."

That was in January. Then for a while I sort of never saw him outside of class. It was as if he avoided me or something until one day in February when he suddenly asked, "How are you?" It was on the way into English, and I looked terrible because I always do when I have a cold. That was why I was not a paragon of politeness. "How do you think I am?" I asked. It sounded like "thigg" and "ab." Then he said, "You should take care of yourself."



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1-5491

It was what my mother would say, but somehow it was different. For one thing, right away I felt better. With my mother I feel much worse. I go to bed, and she brings me hot lemonade and a good book and wraps my throat and sometimes she rubs my head and sings a song that is nothing but my name: "Bea, Bea, Bea, Bea, Bea." It is a beautiful song.

The next thing he said, though, made me feel worse than she does. "You know what the nurse told us."

The nurse had said we should not even come to school with a cold. We should think of other people.

Then I did feel inferior. I actually felt underprivileged. I mean, if he looked on me just as something carrying germs around. For ten days I really avoided him. Yet it is a positive fact that he seemed to be everywhere I was. For instance, he passed the entrance to the girls' gym when I was leaving, and he was always around on the way up to English, no matter how early I started. I would have thought he was following me except for what happened on Valentine's Day.

When I got home that day, there on the hall table lay an envelope for me and a box from the very best candy store in town. As I say, I am quite popular, especially with girls; but this box was from an Unknown Admirer. It was my favorite kind. Besides being anonymous the contents were very unusual, being all *petits fours*.

My little sister Willy came in asking, "Did you find it?" and suggesting right away, "let's have a piece." Willy was supposed to have been a boy, of course, but my parents had to console themselves with her, and with calling her Wilhelmina, instead of William. My father is William, or Wm. Personally, I cannot think of anything worse than Wm., unless it's Jr.

"Go ahead," I said, opening the envelope, which contained one of those absolute travesties, a humorous Valentine. It involved a girl who was supposed to be sneezing into this horrible yellow handkerchief. "What do I want? ICHOO! My Valentine." Down in the corner it was signed "Ray."

Willy took the lid off the box and said, "I like pink pretty well."

"Help yourself!" I was furious—not with Willy. She is a credit to our family. Training that very expensive dog did wonders for her. She is now fully as well behaved as the dog. What made me furious was the absolutely irrevocable realization that "Ray" was Raymond.

"Can I have dibs on all the pink ones?" Willy asked. "I brought it in."

I looked down. There were four pink ones. "All right. Who gave it to you to bring in?"

"A man."

"What did he look like?"

"Well, a man."

I gave up. Men were nothing in her life. "Don't eat them all before supper."

"I won't," she said, and smelled before she ate, the way Dog does. We have a horse, too. He boards out on the estate of this very wealthy widow who likes Mother and Father and animals. His name is Horse.

The next Monday in school I had nothing to do with Ray, although after insulting me he condescended to say, "Hello. How are you?" He had to run all the way down to the biology lab. to

do it. He must have wanted to see how I bore up under humiliation, him and his Public Spirit.

I said, "Very well, thank you," as if that Valentine had never made its way through the royal mail. So far as I was concerned, it should have been confiscated.

"You're looking well."

"Possibly because someone, I won't mention who, sent me this beautiful box of *petits fours*."

"*Petits fours*?" He looked as if he did

not know what I meant, but then he said, "Why don't you call them cakes?"

I never saw it to fail; really, I could not open my mouth around him without being told. It was not as if he had a Superior Position, or anything. That very afternoon, for instance, he looked—well, he looked underprivileged, for a change. He had on these jeans like everybody else and a T-shirt and a windbreaker. It was not anything he wore exactly. It was a way he looked, sort of hungry. I do not mean he was hungry.

It is just a look people get when about everything they want in the world belongs to other people. A person looking the way he did had no right to talk the way he did.

"Anyway, they're from a person with Taste," I said, and he smiled, probably because I had made a kind of pun; but I ignored him. Personally, I detest puns. "In fact, they're from the most interesting person of my acquaintance." He smiled again, and I had the horrible sensation that he knew who had sent



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that box—possibly some character like Soulful Wilson in English, who was always raving about something. The only trouble was, as soon as Soulful mentioned something, it was the kiss of death. I mean really. He killed it. Indian burial mounds were more interesting than anything mentioned by Soulful Wilson.

Raymond was still smiling. "Wonder who that could be?" Then, as he walked away, all the buzzers in the whole building went off with the very peculiar effect of giving me the raspberry.

When I try to remember how I happened to ask him over the next Saturday afternoon, I remember that hungry look of his. It kind of got worse all the rest of the week. He seemed positively to have lost weight by Friday. So just out of charity I asked him would he care to come over. It was something Willy and I did quite often. She asked a few and I did. It worked out fine because age is not so important when you are playing ping-pong and drinking cokes and making candy or popping corn.

Everybody always went home when the alarm rang. That was Hilda's idea. She shopped on Saturdays and liked "a little peace and quiet" when she came home. As I mentioned before, Hilda runs our house like the Roman Empire. Mother agrees with me, but in the most satisfied way.

Well, Raymond said he would "try to make it."

And I said, "Thank you," as if he were doing me a favor.

He just did make it. He came at four-thirty with his red wagon, and played a game of ping-pong with that very athletic Dorothy Gaines who usually beat everybody. For a week afterward Dorothy kept explaining how she just lost by accident.

Then Willy came down with a cube of butter out of Hilda's kitchen. Without even putting the butter on the table, she went up to shake hands with Raymond and tell him, "I'm awfully glad to see you," as if he were a long-lost brother or a bone. She pumped his hand up and down for a while. Then she put the butter on the table, and went back to hang around him. Now Willy in some ways is just like Dog. She hangs around people who feed her, not just food, you understand, but for instance, *petits fours*. At that point, I would have dropped the taffy I was pulling if you could drop taffy.

Then Raymond was saying good-by, even before the alarm went off. I could not shake hands, being positively glued, and I did not know how to say what I wanted to say. I mean, how did you say thank you to somebody for something you were not even supposed to know he sent, especially if he goes around collecting old newspapers, and you know he should not spend his money like that.

I mean, all I could say finally was, "Thank you for those—cakes. You shouldn't have, of course. I mean, they're so expensive. What I mean, is they are, terribly. They came from the most expensive—I mean—"

Well, you would have thought that instead of thanking him I had insulted him. He turned red again, the way he did the day I let him know Hilda was not my mother, and then he ran—he absolutely tore—out of the house. All

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the other kids stopped what they were doing and looked, and Dorothy Gaines said, "What did you do, Bea, propose?" Well, I thought that was about as low as I could feel on account of Mr. Raymond Barrett. I was glad, for the first time, when the alarm rang.

I suppose I should have known enough not to ask him to the Spring Dance, although I sort of felt morally obliged to. I knew, for one thing, that he never went to things like that unless he was hired to check coats or serve punch or something, and I almost expected him to turn me down. He did sort of hesitate, so I said, "Of course, if you wouldn't care to—"

"Oh, but I would," he said, and sounded so sincere that I was unprepared, to say the least, for what happened. It was the climax, but really.

The Spring Dance is the very biggest occasion at East High. There are proms, but they are too formal to be fun, and festivals, but they are too informal. They need something like Hilda's alarm clock. But the Spring Dance—well, it kind of unfolds. It blossoms and smells heavenly, possibly because the Rec. Hall is full of lilacs and hyacinths, and the girls wear those very long floating dresses, and the boys wear light suits or sports coats, and it starts before dark, and when it ends, it is spring, even if it snows the next day.

Eight of us had gone together to the Spring Dance the previous year, and it had been out of this world. I think I was with Tone Cooper, but Dorothy Gaines may have been with him, and if she was, I was with Mac Hamilton, I think. Anyway, we traded dances all the time, and the way I remember that evening, it was like looking into a kaleidoscope Willy has. Shake it, and the pattern changes. That evening was a perpetually changing pattern of blue and yellow and rose.

Naturally, I expected this evening with Ray to be even better. I mean, I had not even cared about the boy I was with last time—not that I cared so much about Ray, of course, the way he made me feel inferior and everything; but after all, he was the Harvey type, and Dorothy Gaines raved—I mean raved—about the way he played ping-pong, after she explained how he only beat her by accident.

I am a very poor ping-pong player myself, but I can dance, having learned at the same school Willy goes to now. Mother has this very old-fashioned idea about women and education. She says her children may not be bright, but they will be well balanced. I will say I was thankful for this at my first Spring Dance. At my second I would have done better to be bright.

Raymond checked my jacket. Then he escorted me to a long window where we could look out into the patio, and asked how I liked geometry.

"It's all right," I said.

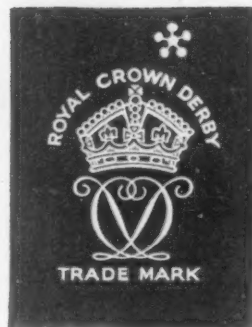
Then he asked about English. Since I am an outstanding member of that class—Miss Payne has mentioned my very extensive vocabulary—the answer was obvious.

"Why, I like it fine," I said. The band was playing a waltz, and dancers drifted past like colored balloons.

"I suppose you would like to dance?" He sounded very condescending, but I could only answer him, "Oh, yes!" And

Continued on page 50

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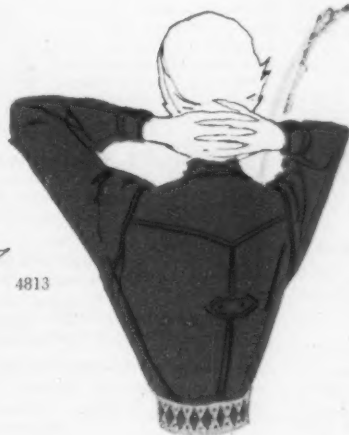
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RADKAI

OLSON

Continued from page 47

I even pulled him out by the hand. I can not remember the next few minutes clearly. My main impression is bumping into elbows and knees and feet. The floor had not looked crowded, but it felt crowded. I wondered what was wrong, and as soon as I wondered, I knew. Raymond did not dance. He walked. He ran. He turned around. But he did not dance.

"Oh, let's stop!" I just heard it; I can not recall saying it.

He stopped beside the window where we had started. As if nothing had happened, he asked me, "How do you like gym?"

It was very embarrassing, but just as I started to answer, I started to cry, and so I ran into the girls' room.

I guess I would be there yet if Dorothy Gaines had not come in. I pretended to be combing my hair and she said, was Mac my date, and before I could answer, "I just saw that ping-pong player, you know, the fellow that came to your

house that time. I asked him what he was doing here, and he said he wondered. Are they letting stags in this year? So I signed him up for a couple of dances. Only, you know, he doesn't dance. So I'm going to teach him. Out in the patio. It's a riot. I told him you're better than I am, having taken lessons and all. Why don't you ask him, too? If it's all right with Mac. You know who I'm with, Soulful Wilson. Be seeing you." She was out before I could say "So long." Honestly, that Dorothy Gaines

is going to be voted the Most Likely Successor to the Thunderjet. After she left, I thought of her dancing with my date and telling him how she lost the ping-pong game by accident. For the first time that year I had a chance to be superior, and here I was, waiting for opportunity to knock twice on the door to the girls' powder room.

"Beatrice Bailey Conner," I told myself, "you get right out of here, right this minute." And I did, too.

I found them out on the patio. Poor old Soulful was nowhere in sight. "Pardon me," I said, "may I cut in?"

She sort of let loose of him by degrees. "I didn't think you'd want to," said Raymond, after she let him go.

"I don't know that I do," I said. We were kind of walking around.

"Well, I hope you do. What I mean is, I haven't had much chance—" he was getting that hungry look again, and recollecting how it felt to have an inferiority complex, I said, "The way you do it is to hold me like this."

"All right."

"And move in time to the music."

"All right."

It took a while, but I taught him how, and last summer he taught me how to dive off a board. Now I ask him over on our Saturdays, and he takes me whenever he takes anybody any place. As I say, he has time for me, in a peculiar kind of way. I mean, it is not as if he cared for me, or anything. But it is convenient when two people have so positively much to learn from each other. +

"I FACED UP TO CANCER"

Continued from page 13

every human being, even those in excellent health, but it's something that most of us manage to forget. A woman with cancer can't forget.

But forthright Jean Shaw isn't the kind to go to pieces in a situation like this that might defeat many women. Even as a child living in her grandfather's house, she kept her troubles to herself. She remembers falling and cutting her knee one day at school, and one of her playmates telling her, "Now don't you cry, Jean Keith, because you've got nobody to pet you up."

She was sixteen when she married, seventeen when her first child, Patsy, was born. It was a difficult labor lasting almost a week, and it followed a pregnancy during which her blood pressure rose so high that she lived for the last two months on soda biscuits, milk and Epsom salts. Four years later a nine-pound son, Donnie, was born, a premature and breech birth. He was followed two years later by twins, Ruth and Ray, the latter another breech birth. "You're just not made to have children, Mrs. Shaw," her family doctor told his exhausted patient. But she craved love and affection; she wanted many children, a big family, a warm and noisy home unlike the stilted atmosphere of her childhood when she had lived with her sick old grandfather and her well-meaning but undemonstrative aunt. She was pregnant with her fifth child, and the twins were seven months old, when Bert Shaw enlisted in the army and de-



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parted for duty in the Maritimes. He was to be gone for four years, except for a month's furlough once a year.

With her husband in the service, Jean Shaw decided to move her family from Owen Sound to Toronto, where her father was living. She was receiving seventy-nine dollars a month from the army for herself and the five children at that time, and it obviously was not enough to feed, clothe and house them—even in the most unprepossessing of homes at a rent of forty-four dollars a month. So she enrolled the five children in a day nursery and got a job cleaning and polishing automobiles in a busy downtown garage. Neighbors remember her herding her brood out of the house early in the morning on her way to work, and returning with them at suppertime. It wasn't an easy job, but she never complained. A neighbor recalls, "She was a good mother to those children. She kept them neat and tidy, she always knew where they were, and she insisted on obedience. She cooked them real homemade dinners every day when she came home from work—meat pies and stews and puddings and cakes. Her children didn't eat out of cans, or run the streets, or live in the movies, like some kids whose mothers go out to work. The Shaws didn't have much, but they did the best with what they had." They remember Jean Shaw buying cheap sugar bags, ripping them open, and sewing them together to make neat curtains.

Bert Shaw returned home in the fall of 1945, his wife miscarried twins the following year, and in 1947 another son, Robin, was born. Mrs. Shaw contracted German measles in the second month of her next pregnancy, and a baby girl died shortly after birth the next year. It was no wonder that by 1950 she was feeling tired and sick. Her blood pressure was up and her heart pounded, until finally she went to her doctor who prescribed pills and told her, "Just take things easy."

It was some months after that when the first warning of her real trouble appeared, an infinitesimal indication of intermenstrual bleeding. Shocked, Jean Shaw hurried off to her doctor, who found a small ulcer at the mouth of her womb, thought to be nonmalignant, for which he prescribed vinegar douches. The bleeding ceased. Then, some months later, it reappeared. A hysterectomy (removal of the womb) was decided upon, and Mrs. Shaw entered hospital in the spring of 1952 for this purpose. Upon admission, a routine biopsy was done, and the growth was found to be malignant.

Mrs. Shaw had insisted previously that if she ever fell victim to cancer she wanted to be told, so that she could arrange things for her family. However she had never really taken the possibility seriously. As she says, "My grandfather died of cancer, but he was an old, old man, and I guess I always thought cancer was a disease of old people." (Actually she is ten years younger than average for cancer of the cervix.) It was therefore something of a shock when the doctor, true to his promise, informed her that she was suffering from cancer—even though he softened the blow by declaring the disease was still in an early stage, and that early diagnosis and treatment resulted in many a cure. Lying in her hospital bed, listening to his words, Jean Shaw was silent. She

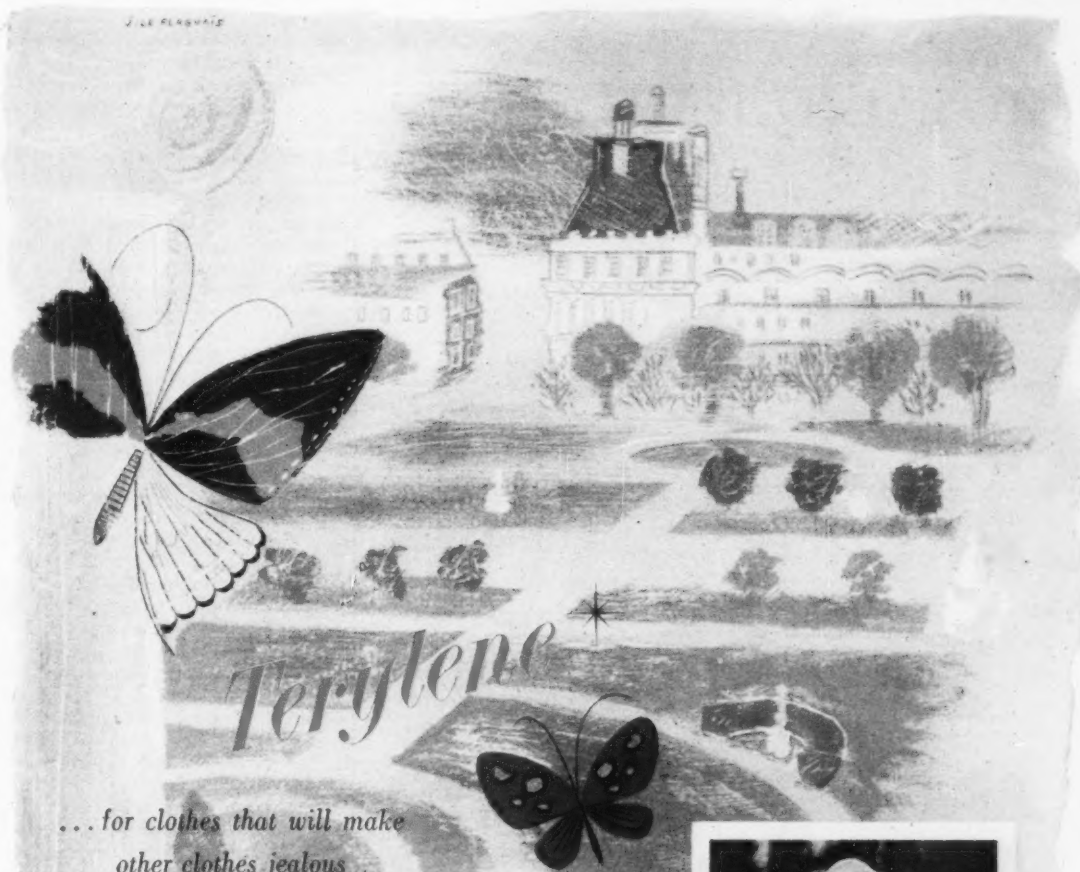
was afraid if she opened her mouth she'd cry, and she had never found crying a solution to anything.

At the end of a week in hospital, and a dozen examinations, she returned home and told her husband the news. Bert Shaw is a quiet man but he was obviously shaken. "Now you know. Now we won't talk about it any more," his wife told him. "I don't want pity or sympathy or any extra favors. I'm going to go to the hospital's X-ray department every day for treatment, and after that

we'll see. I'd like to buy a house, I think, so the family will always have a roof over its head. But the treatments come first."

Mrs. Shaw went to the hospital cancer clinic from May to August for deep therapy. She had X-ray treatments, externally and internally, five days a week. They were not pleasant, but they may have saved her life—and they undoubtedly extended it. Three weeks after her first treatment she who had been so weak she could hardly stand

was able to shop for the family groceries once again. By August she was feeling a different woman. The treatments stopped and Mrs. Shaw was instructed to report to the hospital's follow-up clinic every three months for a checkup, to see if there were any recurrence of the disease. Since then she has had examination after examination, each time receiving the same heartening report, "No sign of any activity." A while ago she was told she need report only every six months. After five years of "no



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activity" reports she will be required to report only once a year.

True to her promise, as soon as she was feeling a bit better Mrs. Shaw started looking for a house. For ten years the family had lived in rented premises; now she wanted to know that if anything did happen to her, the children would have the security of their own house. Mr. Shaw was on shift work then driving a truck and he and his wife spent their afternoons following up advertisements in the daily paper, and leads from real-estate dealers. They had saved a bit, and were able to buy a neat little small house on Hickson Street, a central location in Toronto, for \$8,500 with \$1,500 down. Mrs. Shaw arranged that the balance would be paid off within five years, and promptly took in a roomer to help pay for it.

Next, she saw to it that her will was made. She didn't have much to leave anybody, but she wanted to be sure what she did have would go where it would do the most good. She trusts her husband, who has always been a good family man, but she says, "I've seen too much of what happens to the children when a stepmother comes into the picture." So she has arranged things for the protection of her children, collectively and individually. Bert Shaw is quite contented.

Of the Shaw children, only Patsy, now twenty-one, is married. A pretty, plump girl, the image of her mother, she is now Mrs. Leslie Herndstedt, the mother of a chubby two-year-old, Brian, and five-month-old Alfred. Her husband is a paratrooper and is stationed in Rivers, Man. According to Jean Shaw her son-in-law is "the finest boy in the world—except for my own boys, of course!" Donnie is seventeen and works in a department store. The twins, Ruth and Ray, are fifteen and in high school. Ray works after school and Ruth has expressed her intention of becoming a nurse. Keith, now fourteen, wants to be a commercial artist ("He draws and scribbles all the time and his teacher says he's good," says his mother). Mrs. Shaw admits that her greatest worry is Robin, just seven and the youngest in the family. However Patsy has reassured her that if anything should happen to break the family up, she and her husband will be happy to bring Robin up as their own. "Robin and little Brian are like brothers anyway," Jean Shaw says. "They just love each other."

Mrs. Shaw is lucky in having good children, who obviously are very fond of her. Patsy, the eldest girl, is especially close, and when she was home last spring awaiting arrival of her baby, liked nothing better than walking, or shopping, or talking with her mother. Their favorite treat was to go off together for a Chinese meal downtown. Mrs. Shaw relishing a big dish of chop suey or chow mein and Patsy sipping a soft drink to keep her company because she doesn't like Chinese food. Ruthie scrubs the kitchen floor every Saturday morning, without being asked; the children wash the supper dishes among themselves without being reminded. The boys give most of their after-school earnings to the home. Young Robin is quite able to fry himself an egg if his mother is too busy. If there's a garden to be planted, a lawn to be sodded, or any other family interest, everybody pitches in and helps, everybody wants a part of it.

"We're a very close family," Mrs. Shaw says, "and unfortunately I'm the magnet. What I mean is, in every home there's a magnet, somebody that sort of holds the family together. In lots of homes it's the father. But my husband never had a chance. He was away most of the time the children were growing up and now he's a driver and spends all day on the road. Sometimes the children are in bed when he comes in at night. If they're not in bed they're out playing or watching the television set we bought. In any case he doesn't get to see them much, and in the morning he's off again before they're up. So in this family I'm the magnet, the driving force. And the way things are, that isn't too good."

When Mrs. Shaw was sick and in hospital the family was lost without her. They just wandered around the house, drifting in and out, seemed doubtful what to do without her to tell them. Thinking back and realizing that she may not always be around, Jean Shaw is now trying to undo her children's dependence, trying to make her husband the head of the house, the magnet to hold the family together. Considering his long period of absence during the children's infancy, and the nature of his job today, this isn't going to be easy. When a woman spends twenty years running the family, making the decisions, doling out the rewards and punishments and dealing with the problems of six children, a man gets used to it. He isn't quite prepared to have the reins handed over all of a sudden.

Mrs. Shaw's efforts to make her children independent are hampered by her increased desire to be with them, this past year. She wants to do as much as possible for them. She is eager to cook their favorite dishes, mend their clothes, sit with them evenings as they watch television in the small family living room. She resents every errand that takes her out of their sight, or them out of hers. "Suddenly I've realized how wonderful a family really is," she says. "I feel like rushing out and telling all those young people who are postponing children till some vague date in the future, 'Have your babies now. Children are wonderful! They're all that matters, really.'"

At the same time she is wise enough to know that too much emotional attachment, besides weakening the children, is weakening herself. Doctors stress the importance of cancer patients being cheerful and hopeful, once they've had treatment. "We'd like them to go out and have a good time," one physician told me. "We want to see them making plans for their summer vacation, buying new clothes." Medical men point out that many women in Mrs. Shaw's position, and possibly she among them, are going to be around for a long, long time. It's morbid to sit around inviting everyone's pity, and making everybody miserable all that time. Try to live a normal life, they advise.

Mrs. Shaw is living a normal life—and enjoying it more than she ever did before. Like all people whose health has suddenly been interrupted by sickness, she is aware more than ever before how sweet the day-to-day things of life really are. Just taking her elder grandson for a walk in the sun is exciting. Shopping for supper is a pleasure. Waxing the floors, washing the clothes, making the baked dinners that the family likes—all of them make her feel important, neces-



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sary, a vital part of their life. She refuses to shop by telephone. "I want no shortcuts," she says. "I find it most pleasant to walk down the street to the store, to choose the very best fruit and vegetables and meat for my husband and children, to realize that I've been given a reprieve, so to speak, and can carry on for another while. I've taken to reading my Bible again—I read a chapter every morning before I start the breakfast—and every day I thank God I'm still here and for all I know may be here for many years yet."

Another thing that has changed since her illness is her attitude toward housework. "I used to feel that everything had to be neat and tidy and in place or goodness knows what would happen," she says. "Why, if there was a dirty dish in the house I couldn't sleep. I used to start in on one job and keep right on going till they were all done. Well, now I know my limitations. I know I can do two hours of housework one day and two hours the next and live to see it all done. Besides, I've come to realize that there are more important things than a shining house. Happy children, for instance. It doesn't matter if children have patches on their pants. Love is more important. Kids need love to keep them alive. I want to give my family lots of it, even if the housework suffers."

Now that the house is bought, the Shaws are busy fixing it up for greater comfort. The lawn has been sodded, a rock garden has been planted in the back garden, dozens of bulbs have been buried, and Bert Shaw and Donnie spent their holidays working on the basement, installing new laundry tubs and a large recreation room for rainy-day fun. Jean Shaw, who says she feels fine these days, is right in the thick of things, planning what else to do when

these projects are finished. Next, she wants to redecorate the living room. A couple of nights a week she goes off to a neighborhood hall to play bingo with some of her friends. Most of them know she has had a diagnosis of cancer, but they don't dare pity her. She won't stand for it. "Twenty-five years ago it was a great stigma to have anybody in your family with tuberculosis," she says. "Today it's cancer. Why, one of my relatives stares at me all the time as if I was going to dwindle and disappear right in front of her. Cancer wouldn't be such a bogeyman if women would go to their doctors right away, as soon as they notice anything wrong. Then at least they'd have a chance."

However, she admits that once every six months she doesn't feel so cheerful. That's the date she is due to appear at the follow-up clinic for examination. She cleans the house from top to bottom, bakes enough food for two days (in case she is hospitalized suddenly), says good-by to her children—and takes the streetcar to the hospital. She sits in a row with a dozen or more other women, similarly nervous and tense, and when finally her name is called she goes in to the doctor with fear and trembling in her heart. After a while she comes out again, radiant with joy. All is well. The doctor says she's fine. She can go home now and pass along the good news. She's to come back in another six months for another checkup. In the meantime she's to keep cheerful, live a normal life.

After a recent examination, Jean Shaw was so happy that she practically flew out of the room and down the corridor. "Isn't it wonderful? I feel as if I'd live to sixty-five!" she told the public-health nurse.

"You know, you may, at that," the nurse said. +



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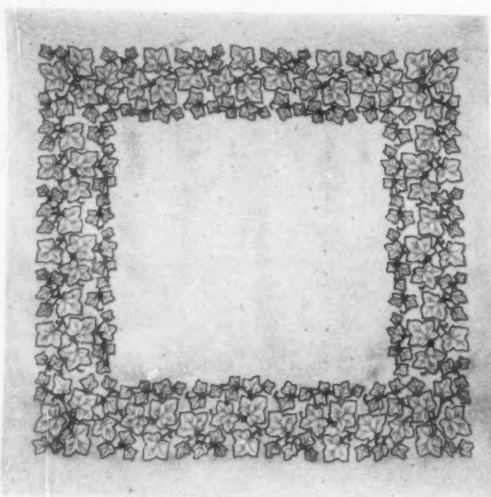


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THE SECRET OF THE ROSEWOOD CHAIRS

Continued from page 17

father's work had been the establishment of farmers' co-operatives and her mother and she traveled with him.

Coming into the hall that day she had seen the chair. She had been enchanted with it. With its white linen tidy, it looked like a prim old lady with a bib tucked under her chin. When Gran said there were five more, she clapped her hands. A whole family of chairs!

She was seven when she came again. On the way, holding her doll in her arms, she had wondered if the chairs would still be there. It would be nice to think that they would be, but of course they wouldn't. Only three things in her life remained the same. Her mother and father and her doll.

When she saw the chair, she walked slowly toward it. Touching it timidly, she looked up at Gran. She said wonderingly, "It's still here. In the same place."

That time, just as they were leaving, she suddenly had run back into the house. She had put her doll down on the chair in the hall, calling to Gran for permission. "Is it all right if I leave her here?" Gran had nodded. "I'll take good care of her for you."

For a long time after that, in strange beds, she had gone to sleep warmed by the thought of her doll sitting on that chair.

She had outgrown dolls by the time she began the next trip to Gran's. Twelve, and with both parents dead, she was to make her home with Gran. Only by clinging to just one thought had she been able to sit, upright and tearless, during that long lonely journey. When she had arrived at the station—"just eyes and bones" as Gran had said afterward—she had seen Gran coming toward her, but she could not speak nor move. She could only plead silently. Miraculously, Gran had understood. Looking down, she had said, "She's still there, Naomi, still waiting for you." With Gran's words the hard, frozen core inside of her had melted and she had flung herself into Gran's arms.

Nomy stood now in the hall, running her fingers over the carving as she thought, if she left them to me, it will seem like a sign that I'm right in opposing Bill—right in wanting a place where things remain.

She heard a step and looked up as her cousin came through the dining room with the cake plates. As Di passed Nomy, she whispered, "If Rupe doesn't read that letter pretty soon, the hooks on Cora's brassiere are going to snap."

Nomy went on to the kitchen. She didn't believe that Gran would leave the chairs to Cora. She remembered how Gran's eyes had flashed as she had said, "That Cora! The first time Jim brought her up here after they were married, she sniffed at my things. Now she comes up here . . . oh, my . . . 'How are you, Mother dear?' . . . Honey in her voice and my rosewood chairs in her eyes!"

Cora had stopped sniffing when she began to collect antiques, or rather, her sniffing had changed to that of a hound

on the scent. One day Nomy had found her examining the chair that stood in the upper hall. Cora's eyes were round. "They're genuine Belters. I'm positive of it," she had said in an awed whisper.

"Wouldn't you think she'd use them in the dining room?" Cora had complained to Nomy. But Nomy thought she understood why Gran had scattered them throughout the house—her most prized possession, she had wanted to spread their grace as far as possible. There were two in Gran's bedroom, one

each in the upper and lower halls, one in the parlor, and one in the little sitting room beyond.

Nomy was sure that only she knew the reason for two in Gran's bedroom. Once she had removed the linen tidies to brush the needlepoint Gran had made for the backs. She had seen that "Thou" was on one and "I" on the other. Gran still kept a chair there for Grandpa, even though her beloved "Thou" had died years before Nomy was born.

If Cora gets them, she'll rip that out,

Nomy thought. Though Cora had been lavish in her praise of Gran's needlework, she had confided to Gen that she thought Gran's fondness for weaving scriptural quotations into her work was quaint, but a little too folksy.

Di came into the kitchen and Nomy looked at her questioningly. She shook her head. "Rupe's good for another half hour at least. He's started on politics." She moved to the cupboard. "Let's have something our-



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selves." She opened the door and they both saw the list in Gran's writing which was tacked to its inner surface. Di's finger moved down the list.

"Wasn't she wonderful, Nomy? She didn't leave anything to chance. Look . . . 'Platter with roses (six) to Genevieve. Platter with roses (six and one bud) to Julia.' She was going to see to it that Gen and Julia didn't get into an argument."

Nomy was reading further. "Look, Di. Even the clove apples. 'Blue fluted dish'—that's stood in the hall as long as I can remember—to Diana. Clove apples inside to Nomy's little girl, Prue."

To think that Gran had remembered how Prue had used to play with those apples. Nomy wondered if Prue would still want them. At seven, her wants seemed constant and imperious, and they were all for glittering things that cost more than they could afford. Nomy sighed. She herself had had just that one doll, and yet Prue with all her toys . . .

Di's voice broke into Nomy's thoughts. "I guess I'm the only one who doesn't want them. I can't imagine what I'd do with them. The chairs, I mean."

Nomy couldn't either. Di and Charlie lived in a big, sprawling ranch house that seemed filled with boys, bicycles, bunk beds and a sort of organized bedlam.

Di went on as she poured the coffee. "The only thing I really want is that old surrey out in the shed."

"You're not serious."

"I am too. I want to take it home to the boys."

"But, Di, the stuffing has been boiling out of the upholstery for years."

"I don't care. I'll put a plastic poultice on the boils. Paint it up. Red. Hey, won't that be something? Red seats and red spokes?" Her square tanned face broke into a broad smile at the thought.

Nomy picked up her cup. "Do they have their horse yet?"

"No, that's why I want the surrey. Saving for that horse takes such a long time. Every time they count up what they have in the kitty, I have all I can do to keep from buying the horse for them. I can just see their hopes dwindle. But the surrey! Can't you see how much closer it will bring that horse to them?"

Nomy thought, I'd have bought the horse long ago if it had been Lanny and Prue who wanted one.

Di was nibbling on crumbs from the cake plate. "Mmmm. Red seats. And . . . I know! On week ends, I'll hitch it to the jeep and we can haul it up and down some of those back roads near us. You'll have to come out and have a ride."

She braced her shoulders, stiffened her elbows, and held onto imaginary reins. In a twinkling, she was driving the surrey—in a high-boned collar and a stiff straw hat. She jogged around the kitchen table singing, "When I take you out in the surrey . . ."

Nomy was laughing helplessly when Cora spoke from the doorway. "May we have more coffee?"

They swung around. Cora's expression was one of shocked disapproval. As soon as the door closed behind her, Di stuck out her tongue, and then they both laughed until Nomy wiped her eyes. "Oh, Di, you always make me feel so good."

Di collapsed into a chair. "That Cora! as Gran would say. Nuts to her. Gran wouldn't have cared if I'd done a samba in the cemetery. Life is for the living, she always said."

"You're a lot like Gran, Di, do you know that?"

Di's blue eyes regarded her soberly. "That is about the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me."

Nomy considered her cousin. Whenever she saw Di she had this feeling of being home. No matter how much time had intervened, it was as if they had only parted for a moment or two to go into separate rooms. Home. She thought suddenly of a time she had been reading a poem of Frost's to Gran. She had read, "Home is a place—" when Gran had interrupted her. "Home isn't a place, Naomi. Home is where the heart is." Strange, she hadn't remembered that incident until now. But, of course, home was a place too. Gran herself had clung to this house. It had been sold, along with the land, to a neighboring farmer years before, but Gran had retained life tenure of the house, preferring to live out her days here rather than with any of the family.

Di picked up the pot. "Cora will be coming out again if I don't get in there. I'll check on Rupe."

While she was gone, Nomy's thoughts went back over the same weary track. I'm like Gran. I want to keep my house too. I wish I could talk to her about this idea of Bill's. She'd understand. I know she would.

Di came back. "Rupe's filibuster is still going on. Cora's sitting on one of the chairs now. Do you suppose she wants to establish squatter's rights?"

"Di, it is strange that Gran didn't mark the chairs."

"I think she just liked to keep the daughters-in-law on tenterhooks. Remember the time?"

They both smiled, remembering. There was a tag or sticker on everything in the house, lists in silver drawers and cupboards. It had been that way for years. It had tickled Gran to see the surreptitious way the women would examine an article to find the name of the person to whom it was to go after Gran's death. Gran had explained it to Nomy: "This way they know who is going to get what in advance. If they don't like it, they'll have time to get used to the idea before I'm gone. They won't spend the day of my funeral wrangling."

Di and Nomy were thinking now of a night before one of the family reunions when Gran had come into Nomy's room with the expression she always wore when she was up to something. They had spent the evening switching all the tags and stickers. The next day Gran had grinned gleefully at the indignation that simmered all around her. Then, when the relatives had left, she and Nomy had put all the names back again in their rightful places.

Di went to the window and looked out. "Where did Bill and Charlie disappear to?"

"They took the flowers. Gran wanted them all to go to the County Farm."

"Oh." Di looked searchingly at Nomy for a moment, then she said, "I've scarcely had a word with Bill, Nomy. He's been awfully quiet."

"He thought a lot of Gran."

"Yes, I remember how he used to say that if she were a little younger he'd marry her instead of you." She hesi-

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tated a moment, then she said, "But it isn't just today. Bill's changed."

Nomy looked at her. Di flushed. She said, "I mean he seems to have . . . well, lost his bounce, you might say."

Nomy cut a thin sliver of walnut cake with unnecessary care, her thoughts jumbled. Should I tell Di? No, I can't. I don't want to. Why do I feel that Di would be on his side? Lost his bounce. Bill isn't a bit different. Di's wrong. She said aloud, "Well, after all, none of us are getting any younger."

Di gave a hoot of laughter in which Nomy reluctantly joined. "Honest, Nomy. You sound as if we were ready to retire. Bill's thirty. You make him sound as if he were losing his hair and taking to arch supporters!"

She didn't pursue the subject of Bill. That was one of the nice things about Di. If she touched a sensitive spot, she retreated at once. She turned away. "Let's take our old bones out in the sun. They'll call us." They went out back and through the syringa bushes into

Gran's flower garden. Nomy sat down on the old bench as Di walked slowly among the beds. Summer lay in ruins all about them, and the air hummed with the rich winy ferment of September. Di came back to Nomy, her eyes thoughtful. "Gran must have been failing for a long time. It's a mess."

Gran's Bible, her needlework and her flowers had formed the trinity of her daily life. The flowers showed long neglect. Plantain blurred the edges of the once tidy borders. Coxcomb crowed

raucously among the ragged asters.

They sat in silence for a moment and then Di said violently, "Damn it all, anyway!"

Nomy knew how she felt. Sitting here in the garden, she was sharply, achingly aware of the finality of this day. More than at the church or the cemetery, the realization of Gran's passing came home to them here among her flowers.

Di drew her feet up to the bench and rested her crossed arms on her knees. "It isn't just Gran's going."

"I know."
"I feel as if the law of gravity had been suspended. I haven't been up here very many times since we had the boys, but Gran . . . this house. What was it to us? An anchor to windward? A rock? You know what I mean."

Nomy nodded. How well she knew! All her life, no matter where she had been, this place had given her a feeling of belonging, of roots. That's what I want for Lanny and Prue, too.

Di sighed and stood up. "You can't turn back the clock, but let's take a crack at it. I want to make like a kid again on that old swing behind the carriage shed."

Nomy got up too, protesting, "That rope's too old. It'll break."

Di called back over her shoulder. "Fraidy-cat. Don't tell me you're the same gal who used to walk the ridgepole. You know, Nomy, I have a feeling that you spend too much time worrying about the rope breaking."

That was a lot for Di to say, and Nomy, seeing the way she stopped and turned to look at her, knew that she was wishing she hadn't said it. To show that she had taken no offense, she slipped her arm through Di's and they walked on together.

On the swing, Di went sailing forward into the air. She came back with a rush, her brown hair blowing, and grinned as she passed Nomy. "Want to pump?"

Nomy started to say that it certainly wouldn't hold the two of them any more, but she stopped and said, "Sure."

Then they were both laughing breathlessly, their skirts whipping, the earth and sky tilting together as they went up and down. They hooked their arms around the rope and let the swing die. "Pretty good for a couple of old ladies," Di said, grinning. They swung slowly and then Nomy's waist was suddenly grasped from behind and she heard Bill call out, "Shall I keep them up here?"

Charlie was standing a few feet away, laughing as Bill held the swing. Nomy turned and looked down at him. The firm grip of his hands on her waist was as exciting as the first time he had touched her. Old? Oh, Bill, she wanted to cry out, I feel so young and free and alive!

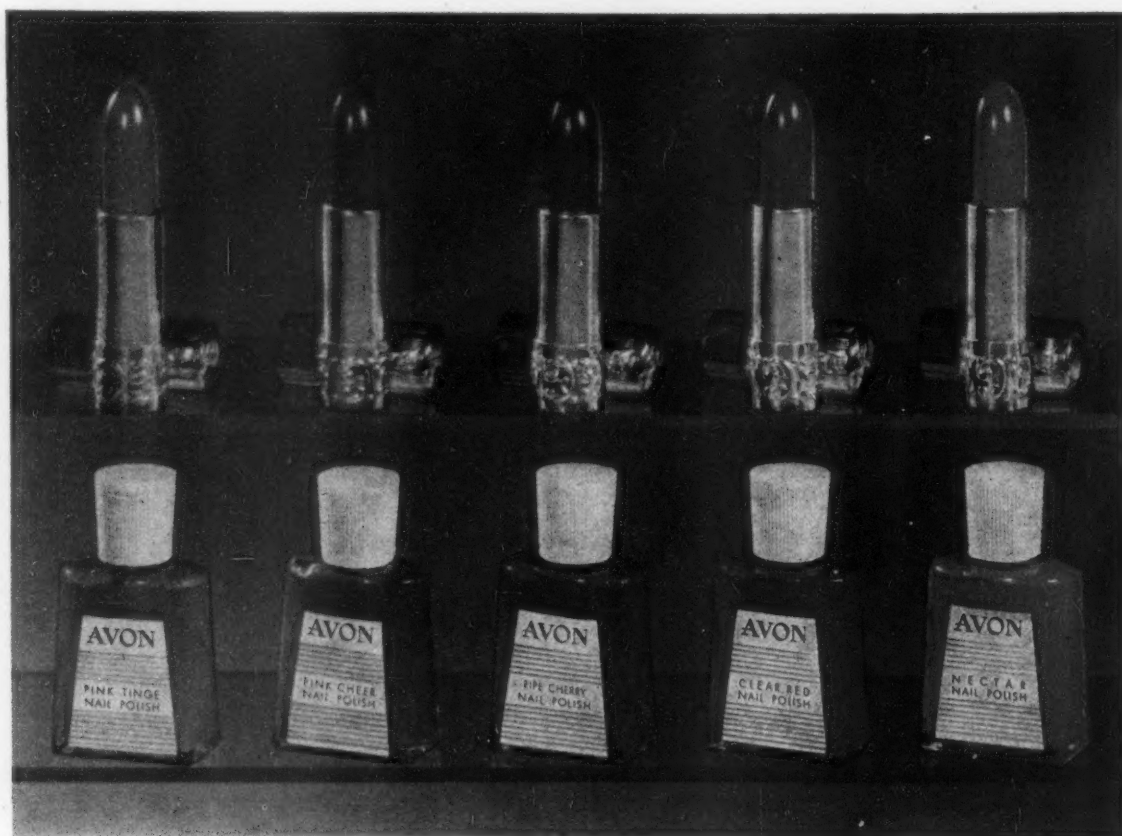
Then he released his hold and the swing came to a slow stop. She stepped down and smoothed her skirt and hair. She didn't look at Bill. She felt self-conscious, vulnerable. If she were to meet his eyes at this moment, she could refuse him nothing.

Charlie was saying, "Rupe told us to find you. I got the idea that we were to take our time about it."

Di said, "Oh, come on. Let's go in and get it over with. We're all being nasty to Cora. She can't help being the way she is."

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COAST TO COAST THROUGHOUT CANADA

Nomy studied Bill's face. He was talking to Charlie and smiling. He doesn't look any different, she thought. Or did he? She felt confused. She wished suddenly that the day was over, that they were back in Westmont. She would feel safe then. Here everything seemed to be shifting and changing.

When they entered the parlor there was in the air the feeling of curtain going up. Rupe had the envelope in his hand. Nomy could see the familiar blue wax seal that Gran had always used. She went to the wide window seat in the bay and sat down. I will know soon, she thought. Let them be mine. I'll feel sure then that I'm right. It will be as if Gran had told me. Her heart began to beat thickly when Rupert said, "Now then . . ." and there was the sound of tearing paper.

She didn't look at him as he read. She stared steadily out at a maple tree on the lawn. When he finished she closed her eyes for a moment to conceal the hurt that she felt must be nakedly revealed in them. All my life, she thought, I felt that if I had no one else, I had Gran. I thought she loved me most, and it wasn't true. Her name had not been mentioned anywhere in Gran's letter.

It contained no protestations of love, no legacy of advice. She could almost read Gran's thoughts as she had written it. "If they don't know by this time how I feel about them and about life, there's no point in my putting it down."

It disposed of the few pieces of jewelry Gran had owned; it stated that Di and Charlie were to have any of the equipment in the shed which they could use; it gave instructions about the care of the family plot. That was all. There was no mention of the chairs.

Nomy looked at Di and smiled to show that she was pleased Di was to get the surrey. Di smiled faintly, but her eyes were troubled. Bill came across the room and sat down beside Nomy on the seat. He put a hand over one of hers and said softly, "I'm sorry, honey. I know how much you wanted them."

The touch of his broad warm palm was unnerving. She steeled herself against it. He doesn't know. He doesn't. If he had the slightest comprehension of what those chairs mean to me, he wouldn't be asking me to give up the house.

It was Cora who spoke first. She said in a high, accusing voice, "But the chairs! She didn't mention the chairs!"

They all looked at Rupe. He answered Cora testily, "Don't jump on me. I read every word that was there."

Nomy realized that Rupe's annoyance rose from the fact that he had been secretly looking forward to Cora's disappointment. Evidently Rupe had been positive that Cora wouldn't get the chairs.

He turned to the letter again. "She begins by saying that she is only listing those items not otherwise marked. Dammit, those chairs must be marked. You know how careful Mother was."

Cora got up from the one on which she had been sitting and Rupe took it and turned it over. He examined it carefully and then he said, "There's not a name on it anywhere. It beats me."

Gen offered, "One of the others, perhaps?"

They decided that must be it. With

common consent they separated to examine them. Nomy said quickly, "Di and I will check the ones upstairs."

Running swiftly up the stairs, Nomy thought . . . Perhaps, oh, if it only could be . . . But, a few moments later she stepped back from the two in the bedroom and shook her head. Di's face quickened with sympathy. "Nomy, I'm so sorry. I was so sure they were to go to you. She loved you more than any of us."

Following Di down the stairs, Nomy

struggled with the wish to cry. I thought she did too. It was like a hand in mine all these years. Will I ever be sure of anything or anyone again?

Bill and Charlie were sitting on the window seat when they returned to the parlor. Di spread her hands to show that their search had been fruitless. Cora was talking rapidly in a low tone to Rupert. His face was flushed and he was shaking his head angrily.

Bill said, "I suppose the best way to settle it would be to try and think

of what Gran would have wanted."

Rupe turned away from Cora and looked thoughtfully at Bill. "I think you're right, Bill." He stopped and settled his glasses more firmly on his nose. "Now I always thought she scattered them around the house in order to make them go as far as they could. Spread her blessings, so to speak. If we follow that line, the answer might be that she would want to spread them among the family."

He went on more confidently, "That

healthful comfort through all your sleeping hours



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NEW YORK PARIS LONDON



Blouse by Rhoda Lee

must be it. There are six chairs and six direct heirs. That would mean that Cora, Julia, Gen and I would get one. And Di and Nomy would each get one since their parents are dead."

Cora protested, "But I think our generation should . . ."

Rupe glared at her and she subsided, muttering about "high-handedness."

Gen said placatingly, "I guess that must be it. Why don't you boys bring them all in here so we can take our choice?"

While Bill and Charlie went to collect the rest of the chairs Nomy thought, No, there's something wrong somewhere. This isn't right. If we think about Gran, we know she left nothing to chance. Why should she leave the disposition of the things she treasured most to chance?

Cora had stood stiffly aloof while she was waiting, but when the chairs were brought in and ranged side by side and Gen made a move toward them, Cora elbowed her aside, saying icily, "I get the first choice. I'm the oldest."

Rupe said in a loud whisper to Nomy, "It's the first time she ever admitted it." He went on in a more normal tone. "I'll tell you, Nomy, it took craftsmanship to make chairs stand up like those have. Just think of where they've been. Your great-grandparents had them in Philadelphia, brought them here to Ohio with them. They stayed here for awhile, then when Dad wanted to try homesteading in Wyoming, Mother took them with us when we went out there. When that flopped she brought them back here again. And still they're as sturdy as they ever were."

Nomy listened with a sense of shock. Philadelphia . . . Ohio . . . Wyoming . . . Ohio. But I knew that, she thought uneasily. Gran told me all about that years ago. Why didn't I choose to remember it? Why have I always pictured them in my mind as never having been any place but in this house?

She was watching Cora now. Cora had removed all the linen ties and laid them to one side. She was standing in front of them, one hand cupping her elbow, one finger of the other hand against her cheek, her eyes narrowed, her expression shrewdly appraising.

Nomy's mind filled with a sick protest. She wanted to cry out, Don't, Cora! Don't look like that. This isn't an antique shop. You're looking at a family. One hundred years of living and loving and struggling together are standing there in front of you.

Together! Nomy took a step forward. Her throat was tight as she said loudly, "No!"

They all turned to her. "Don't!" she went on, "don't separate them. I'd be glad to get even one of them, but I can't bear to see them separated. They've always been together. I don't care who gets them, but let them stay together. Whatever Gran wanted, I'm sure it was that."

Cora swung around. "Nomy's right. That's what I told Rupe. It would be a crime to break up the set. I told Rupe what I'd do. I'll pay each of you for your chair and take the lot of them."

There was an uncomfortable silence. She went on rapidly. "For a set of six I'll give two thousand dollars. Mind you, I'm being more than generous. No dealer in his right mind would give that much. I certainly wouldn't pay that

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much if I found them in a shop. Now, then—how about it?"

Nomy thought swiftly, she came here with that offer ready. She knows not a one of us could afford to give that much. She looked around her. Gen and Julia were staring at Cora with undisguised hostility. Rupe glowered. He said heatedly, "Settle the blasted business any way you want to. I wash my hands of it."

Nomy remembered Gran's words: "I want no wrangling on the day of my funeral." Oh, Gran, why didn't you mark them?

Cora picked up her purse and took out a pencil. "Now as I figure it . . ."

But they were never to know how Cora figured it. Di's voice rang out in the room. She was standing in front of the chairs and she said, "She marked them! Bless her loving heart, she marked them." Her voice broke. "Excuse me. I'm going somewhere to have a darn good cry!"

As she hurried out, they all moved forward and stared down at the chairs.

It was Nomy who spoke. She said in a thin, aching whisper, "They're mine. She did. She did. They're mine . . ."

She heard Cora say, "Well, I don't . . ." And then Rupert slowly read aloud the message of ownership, love and wisdom Gran had carefully stitched with patient fingers:

WHITHER THOU GOEST I SHALL GO

One word on each chair. The Biblical words Ruth had spoken out of her love and devotion, to Naomi—chosen by Gran to give the chairs to Naomi, her best-loved grandchild.

Nomy felt Bill's arm around her shoulders and she turned and pressed her face against him. Crying now, and as she wept, thinking, It's that day in the station again. It's coming home and Gran saying, "Still there . . . still waiting."

She raised her head as Rupe blew his nose with a honking sound and they all laughed shakily as Di came through the doorway. "This coffee is warmed up and generously diluted with my tears, but I think we can all use some."

They took the cups and sat down. Nomy looked at the six chairs standing there. Gran's here, too, she thought, and then suddenly she knew. It was never this house, nor the chairs, nor the doll that comforted me . . . it was what they stood for: the steadfast, enduring love. I've confused love and things all my life.

She turned to Bill. "Let's go outside."

They sat down on the bench in the garden. As Bill put his arms around her, Nomy groped for the right words. Haltingly, she said, "Bill, I know now . . . I think I know now what building a dam is. It's like the chairs or Gran's needlework. It's making something that will last after you're gone. Speak for you when you can no longer speak."

Then his broad warm palm was against her cheek, turning her face toward him, as she went on, "Gran was right, Bill, home isn't a place . . . home is . . ." But as his lips closed over hers there was no need to go on. She was home at last and as they kissed, summer lay in ruins all about them; the air hummed with the rich, winy ferment of September, but under their feet the earth moved steadily, surely onward toward another spring. *

HAIR DO'S and DONT'S

By *Carol Douglas*
FAMOUS BEAUTY
CONSULTANT



Your hair is your most adaptable beauty aid. Well-groomed hair and the right hair-style will accent your good features, camouflage your not-so-good ones. Shining curls, clean and fragrant hair lend you poise, hint at an exciting personality. Use these simple fingertip rules for a lovelier you:



DO keep your hair healthy and lustrous. Never allow dull coatings to form. Weekly shampooing protects hair from dandruff, gives it fragrance. But—

DON'T

use harsh detergents. For the beauty of soft-water shampooing, even in hardest water, use Toni Creme Shampoo. It floods your hair with healthful lanolin-lather, floats away the dirt to give your curls a thorough but gentle cleansing. Tubes 39¢, 65¢. 4-oz. jar \$1.00.



DO follow your shampoo with Tame Creme Rinse. With Tame, the new invisible hairdressing that rinses on, hair becomes silky soft, and so manageable—in just 20 seconds! It keeps your hair tamed and tangle-free from one shampoo to the next. 4-oz. bottle only 69¢.



DON'T

neglect to keep your hair "alive" with daily brushing. Use a medium-stiff natural bristle brush that will whisk away the dust and distribute the oils evenly. Massaging aids your hair health, too.



DO use SPIN Curlers by Toni for your next home permanent. You'll find the plastic SPIN Curlers make curl winding twice as easy, twice as fast as old rod-type curlers.



Complete set, including Midget-size for short neck-line hair, only \$1.29.

DON'T

forget, children's hair resists adult-type permanents. So be sure to give your little girl Tonette, the marvellous children's permanent. Whether your daughter is 2 or 12, with Tonette she will get natural-looking curls that are easy to care for. Only \$1.75.



TONI—World leader in hair research—guarantees these products for good hair care.

GARDENING

YOU CAN KILL PEONIES WITH KINDNESS

— but just give them sun
above and root room below
and they'll be a joy forever

BY HELEN O'REILLY

INCREDIBLE as it seems now with Canada bulging at the seams, this house we moved into right after the last war had been standing empty for three years. It was rather like getting into Sleeping Beauty's castle—after we had cut our way through the thicket to the door, there was the problem of letting the daylight in at the windows, for the house is small and the foundation planting had grown high, wide, and handsome. So it was about two years later that I got around to taking a big spruce tree out of the flower-bed and under it I discovered a peony plant. When it flowered the next summer it turned out to be a deep red double one and ever since it has borne what Keats so sweetly called "a wealth of globed peonies."

I might have spared you that fragment of autobiography did it not illustrate so neatly the outstanding features of the peony—that it is practically indestructible if planted properly, that it must have sun above and root room below in order to flower, that then it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Gardening, like so many other fields of learning, has its experts on both sides of almost every question and, for the benefit of the Irish, let me add that it's not a private fight—anybody can get into it. Spring planting, fall planting, whether or not to manure, to water, to cover for the winter, how deep to plant—there are nearly always good, sound reasons for and against and you can take your choice. But with peonies there is a strange and comfortable consensus on almost every point.

All the authorities agree, for instance, that from mid-September to mid-October is the time to plant peonies. All agree that peonies do best in full sun or very, very light shade, that they must have a well-drained location, that they must not be crowded, and that they are equally delightful as accents set at intervals along a border, as a separate planting along a walk or drive, or in a corner of the garden on their own.

And there is no dispute either about the two best ways to ruin peonies—one is to plant them too deep, and the other is to kill them with kindness or over-feeding (which in plain talk means manure). My urgent advice to you, therefore, is to put down this magazine spread open at this article, go out and pick the spots for your peonies, dig those

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... Durably Mothproofed with **MITIN**

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Nocturne, about \$16, in 40 fashion shades. All Beck-Kertis Mitin durably mothproofed sweaters are available at leading stores throughout Canada.

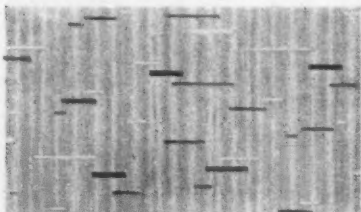
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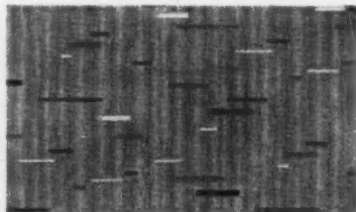
"Jackstraw" with red background (No. 811) comes 2 and 3 yards wide.

IT'S THE NEW FLOOR FASHION! Gold Seal

"Jackstraw" is so gay and good and so long-wearing! See, too, how the pattern draws your eye across the floor... makes any room look *bigger* as well as more beautiful. For only a few dollars you can have this new Gold Seal pattern on any floor. Only Congoleum has the 8-coat thickness Wear Layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel. And it carries the famous Gold Seal guarantee of satisfaction. See "Jackstraw" and all the other smart Gold Seal patterns at your floor covering dealer's soon. Write for *free booklet* showing all Gold Seal patterns and many helpful decorating hints.



Each pattern gives you 4 colours to pick up in accessories. Grey background (No. 809) 2, 3 and 4 yards wide.



Despite its wall-to-wall sweep, Congoleum lies flat without fastening. And it's a dream to keep clean. Green background (No. 810) 2, 3 and 4 yards wide.



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spots both wide and deep (two-and-a-half feet in every direction including down), fill the hole first with a mixture of bone meal, wood ashes, and compost, and next, with your very best garden topsoil (after all these plants may be there for twenty years!). Now come back and finish this article—naturally.

Why all the rush? I want those well-dug peony plots of yours to settle for two weeks at least before you plant because one reason for failure with peonies—and they are expensive to lose both in money and time—is that the anxious amateur digs a fine deep hole, places the peony root division with its "eyes" the correct two inches below the soil level, and it sinks in the newly dug earth too far down to be able to push up its shoots before it rots.

So now you can settle down for two or three weeks to make a leisurely choice of your peonies and you'll need all of that to decide between the gorgeous varieties. Peonies are divided into three forms — the familiar cabbage-rose Doubles showing no stamens, the Singles with open petals and a tight cluster of many stamens, and the exotic Japanese varieties with few large petals and a shaggy centre of long stamens. All three forms may be had in the three peony colors—white, pink, or red—and all three colors may be had in varieties that bloom at the three periods—early, midseason, and late. It all sounds so simple, doesn't it?

But wait till you delve into the growers' lists—how to choose between the century-old favorite, *Festiva Maxima*, "early, very large white with crimson flakes in central petals," and last year's popularity queen of the peony shows, *Le Cygne*, "very large and early blooming white, tinged ivory, becoming pure white as it develops." Whether, of the Japanese variety, to have *Tokio*, "large flowers of broad, pale pink petals with silver reverse and large central tuft of golden filamentous petals," or *Kinokimo* with "brilliant crimson petals and yellow staminodes." And, of the Singles, whether to have last year's prize winner, *Pico*, a glorious pure white, or *Marguerite Dessert* whose white petals are "peppered thickly with carmine"... These are questions to try the heart and tug at the purse strings indeed.

What you get when you buy a peony is a root division, that is, a piece cut from a large root and it should have several root buds at the top. These are the "eyes" that you must place carefully two inches below soil level; so hold your precious root in position, firm the earth beneath it so that it will not sink, then pack in the soil around it and over it. For the first winter you may heap a spadeful of earth on top for added protection, according to certain authorities, but this must be removed early in the spring else you will have buried your peony too deep. I did not add this covering when last I planted peonies and they are doing splendidly—shall we say that here authorities—ahem—differ?

Let me remind you that your peony is now settled for a long and beautiful life before asking you to take (and remember) one really tough piece of advice—next June when the first buds appear on your brand-new peonies, nip them off! The strength that would have been spent on those first blooms that you are dying to see will go to build up a root

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system that will make it up to you a hundredfold in years to come. All you will need to do for your peony ever after will be to keep it from being crowded out, either by weeds or neighboring plants (and, of course, spruce trees!), and to cut off and remove its foliage in the late fall.

Please leave your peony alone for at least three years—give it time to recover from the shock of amputation. I consider my peonies as permanent as my house but I can see that there might be reasons for moving them, such as an urge to rearrange the whole border (like moving the furniture), a yen to have two or three plants of a special favorite, or an idea that a pet peony is not doing as well as it should in a particular spot. Whatever the reason, never try to move a whole peony plant because, for some strange reason, this so seldom works that it's not worth the effort. Always divide when you move a peony.

Now in September is the time to divide and the first step you already know—prepare a well-dug spot or spots. Then dig carefully all around your peony for the roots are brittle, ease out the whole plant, shake or wash off the earth, and cut off all the stalks and leaves. For replanting, you want a sturdy piece of root with three or four root buds or "eyes," so decide how many divisions you can make and attack resolutely with a sharp, heavy knife. A good way to perform the operation is to place the whole root on a little mound of earth on a bench or table, set the knife at the point of division, and drive it through with a hammer. This makes a clean break and the padding of earth will save you from snapping off the vital rootlets and "eyes." Now plant as directed.

I am always torn between cutting my peonies for the house or leaving a proud display in the garden. Actually they last longer indoors in water and those of very delicate coloring should be picked in bud because they fade so quickly in the June sunshine. In fact peony buds will keep in the refrigerator and cheerfully unfold their flowers weeks after they were picked! And about picking—remember to cut your stems above the last two leaves on the stalk so that the root will still be nourished. If you want fabulously large flowers cut off the side buds while they are very small and just let the top or terminal bud come out. This is disbudding, of course, and whether you do it or not depends on how large you like your peonies.

Once well and truly planted, peonies will give literally decades of bloom for as little care as a gardener can imagine—just think, no manure! What more could you ask of a plant so beautiful in leaf and flower? +

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You can buy Good Luck ready-colored, in foil-wrapped twin bars in areas where provincial laws permit the sale of colored margarine.

GOOD LUCK
the sweeter, fresher margarine!



Plan your Housekeeping



EVERY DAY

Breakfast
Dishes
Clean up kitchen
Small washing of stockings, socks, etc.

*Upstairs**

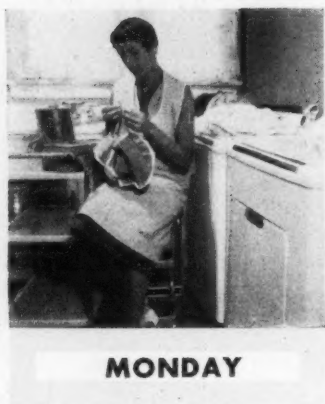
Make beds
Tidy bathroom, wash basin
Carpet sweeper on rugs
Dust-mop floors
Dust furniture

*Downstairs**

Carpet sweeper on living-room, hall and dining-room rugs or carpets
Dust-mop floors
Dust furniture

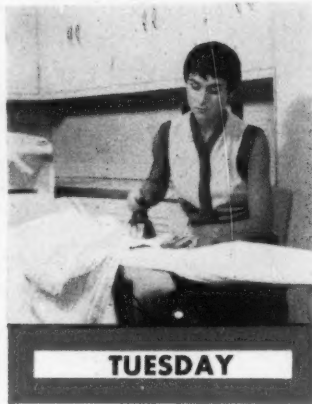
Lunch
Dishes
Preparation for dinner
Rest
Shopping, sewing
Dinner
Dishes

**Finish one part of house before going to next*



MONDAY

After breakfast, finish kitchen work
Sort clothes for laundry, set aside any that need prewash mending
Load washer with soiled clothes
Do small mending jobs while first load is going through washer
Make beds and tidy upstairs
Put clothes in dryer or hang on line
Tidy downstairs
Dust living room, dining room and hall if time permits
Lunch
Remove clothes from dryer or from line. Sort and fold. Dampen those that are to be ironed. Put others away. Set aside any requiring special attention
Rest
Plan the week's extra jobs (see Wednesday), menus and shopping list. Be sure to do this as it is the key to easier housekeeping



TUESDAY

Do everyday jobs
Start ironing. Spread out or hang up ironed clothes so they will be thoroughly dry
Lunch
Finish ironing, or go shopping and iron later
Put ironing equipment away
Do leftover mending before putting clothes back in linen cupboard or drawers
Put clothes away



WEDNESDAY

Do odd jobs this day, such as:
Clean out a cupboard, tidy dresser drawers, etc.
In summer work in your garden
In winter give some time to your houseplants, silver cleaning
If you shop for groceries on Thursdays, clean your refrigerator today
Give your stove its weekly cleaning
Wash garbage cans, empty waste-paper baskets
Brush clothes and send out any that need cleaning
Wash and iron a pair of sash curtains so they will be ready to go up when you clean the room they belong to

Follow Chatelaine's simple housekeeping pattern

—adapting it to your own special problems—and

you need never have another harried washday or

backbreaking scrubbing day. You can forget all about spring cleaning,

too, because you will have an immaculate house all the year through

By MARIE HOLMES *Director Chatelaine Institute*

for more leisure



THURSDAY

After kitchen work is done, give downstairs its daily tidying and dusting

Then gather together your cleaning equipment for upstairs (bedrooms, hall and bathroom) weekly cleaning

Change linen—gather up soiled sheets, clothing and towels

Clean one bedroom thoroughly each week

Using vacuum attachment clean mattress and turn, remove dust under and around spring. Dust walls, drapes, radiators, ledges, etc., with vacuum attachment

Vacuum rugs. If sash curtains are soiled, take down and wash later. Clean window if necessary. Using clean, damp cloth wipe tops of dressers and other furniture, polish with another soft cloth

Hardwood floors—lightly wax or buff up with electric polisher

In other bedrooms vacuum thoroughly and dust

Clean bathroom fixtures, using coal oil, soap or cleanser. Rub up chrome. Wipe tile around basin and tub. Polish window and mirrors

Wash linoleum floor with sponge mop. Let dry thoroughly, wax lightly, polish with electric polisher and buffer

After lunch and short rest, shop for groceries. Bring home and put away



FRIDAY

Breakfast and kitchen work

Make beds, tidy bathroom

Dust upstairs if necessary

Gather together equipment for downstairs weekly cleaning

Living room—start here, using vacuum attachments for walls, drapes, ledges, upholstery

Vacuum rugs, wipe windows and window ledges. Polish woodwork

Dining room—same

Hall and stairs—vacuum stair carpet. Buff up hardwood or linoleum

Kitchen—wipe woodwork, window ledges, etc. Wash floor with sponge mop and clear lukewarm water. Let dry thoroughly. Polish with electric polisher, then buff to give gloss. Depending on type of floor, wax at regular intervals

Afternoon—rest, more shopping or recreation



SATURDAY

General light clean-up throughout house

Major part of morning, *cook and prepare food for week end*

Have jobs lined up for Dad and the children to do while you cook



SUNDAY

You should have this day practically free to spend with your family, so you can go to church in the morning and be off for an outing or entertain your friends in the afternoon +

How to fit this pattern to your own needs

IF IT IS NOT possible to do your washing on Monday and your ironing on Tuesday, set aside two other days for this, interchanging them with the cleaning days. Perhaps you need to wash more than once a week. If so, allow for that in your plan for everyday duties.

Sometimes, it is more convenient and timesaving to shop in the morning before you do your housework. If possible, try to go right after breakfast.

Depending on the size of your family and the amount of space and facilities you have for food storage, you may shop once or several times each week. Eliminate frequent trips to the store, if possible, by advance planning.

A late start in the morning will, of course, make a difference in your schedule, leaving some routine work to be done in the afternoon. On the other hand, if your family leaves early in the morning you may be able to get most of your work done before noon.

If you have a number of small children, your plan necessarily must be more flexible. The care of a baby, for example, is of prime importance, leaving less time for housework. Take this into account in your plan for everyday work even if it means less time for dusting. Cut down on your heavy cleaning jobs, too.

Watch for a new feature each month in this series on planning your housekeeping. In October: Everyday jobs

YOU WERE ASKING THE INSTITUTE

What is the best way to wash belts with buckles? I've been doing mine by hand and they never get clean enough. I'm afraid they will tangle up the other clothes in the machine if I put them in with the wash.

There are several types of nylon mesh bags on the market which are especially made for washing nylon stockings. These

are wonderful for washable belts and buckles, too. First rub any badly soiled spots with fresh suds, then place the belt in the mesh bag. Now it can be dropped in the washing machine with your weekly wash and not entangle any of your other clothes.

In what manner can I keep the corners

of my small rugs from curling?

Sew a square of cardboard to each corner of the rug on the under side. Or rubber jar rings tacked in each corner will help hold the corners down and will keep the rug from slipping too.

Is it all right to use household cleansers on linoleum floors?

Household cleansers will certainly make a good job of cleaning your linoleum, but in removing the dirt it takes off the wax as well. Plain warm

water will usually remove the dirt and it won't break the wax coating. A weekly washing with warm water, with only an occasional cleaning with cleanser and the subsequent waxing, will save a lot of wax and effort.

My husband likes homemade soup. I made some for dinner today and now find it is much too salty to serve. Can I rescue the soup and myself?

Yes! Drop a few slices of raw potato into the soup, boil for about five minutes, then remove them. Ever find the gravy is too salty too? Just add a little brown sugar. Only a little counteracts the salt and isn't too sweet.

Can I remove a scorch mark from a white cotton garment?

The sooner you treat it, the more likely it will be removed. Wash in warm soapy water. Rinse. Bleach in a chlorine solution. Wash and rinse again, thoroughly, to remove the bleach from the fabric. Then, if possible, hang your garment in direct sunlight to dry. If the scorch mark is on a printed or colored article, let's hope you can get the mark out with soap and water. Don't use chlorine bleach on colors.

What is the best way to wash a nylon pleated blouse or slip?

Pleating should not be pressed. If nylon garment is made by reputable company, pleating is steam-set for permanency and won't be affected by washing. Wash it like any other nylon garment and drip-dry.

How may leftover coffee cakes and rolls be warmed without getting too hard and warmed-over looking?

Wrap loosely in aluminum foil or put in a large paper bag. Sprinkle a little water on the outside of the bag or foil and heat in a 400 deg. F. oven for about ten minutes.

Can you tell me an easy way to clean Venetian blinds?

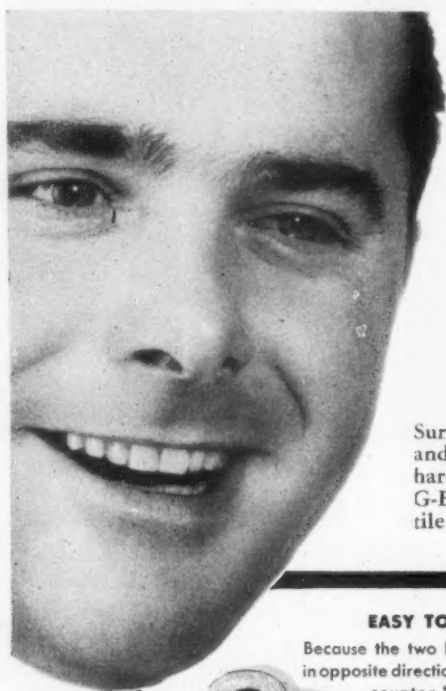
Why not give them a bath in the bathtub? This is certainly easier and more thorough than the damp cloth method. After the good washing, wax the slats of the Venetian blinds, and they will be a lot simpler to dust!

I have a few little spots of hard, dry paint on the front of a dress. What can I use to remove them?

Soak the front of the dress in equal parts turpentine and ammonia. Then wash out the turpentine with warm soapsuds.

The time has come for me to purchase a new washing machine. Which machine does the best job?

No one type of machine consistently gets clothes cleaner than others, but the agitator-type action is more vigorous than the tumbler type. Experiments have shown that overloading the machine is one of the biggest causes of not-too-clean washing results. Most homemakers tend to overload the machine to save time, or detergent or hot water, but it has been shown that not filling the tub to capacity gives better results. Hot water is an important item for cottons and linens. Between 120 and 160 deg. F. is the most desirable temperature. If you can't put your finger in, it's usually about the right temperature for your sheets and towels! +



SURE I'LL POLISH THE FLOORS!

Sure he'll polish the floors because the days of polishing by pushing and pulling a clumsy weighted brush are gone forever! There's hardly any work at all to putting a gleaming shine on floors with a G-E Floor Polisher. You just guide it over hardwood, linoleum and tile floors and in a matter of minutes they gleam with a high lustre.

EASY TO USE

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Polishing brushes have finger pull attachments for easy removal . . . lamb's wool buffing pads that snap on to brushes give that final high-gloss finish.



GETS INTO CORNERS

As the brushes rotate they flare out, making it possible to polish deep into corners and close to baseboards, furniture and rugs.



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This G-E Cleaner has the remarkable Swivel-Top that rotates in a complete circle . . . lets you clean a whole room without once moving the cleaner. See the G-E Polisher and Cleaner today.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Don't let your hair look dull, drab, old.



Nestle glorifies hair with sparkling, young COLOR

NESTLE COLORINSE

Here's a wonderful, easy-to-use rinse that enriches your natural hair color in seconds! Gives your hair exciting color-highlights and sheen... makes it softer, silkier, easier to comb. Colorinse rinses in — shampoos out! 11 flattering colors plus Natural. 2 rinses 15¢ 6 rinses 39¢ 14 rinses 79¢

NESTLE COLORTINT adds deeper, longer-lasting, youthful-looking color. Hides gray hairs... blends in streaked, bleached or dyed hair. COLORTINT is more than a rinse — but not a permanent dye. No ammonia, no peroxide, no artificial look! Contains Esters of Lanolin to condition dull hair. 10 lovely colors. 6 capsules 39¢, 14 capsules 79¢.

FREE! For sample of Colorinse or Colortint, (specify which one) send in color of your hair and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Nestle, Dept. N, 680 King West, Toronto.



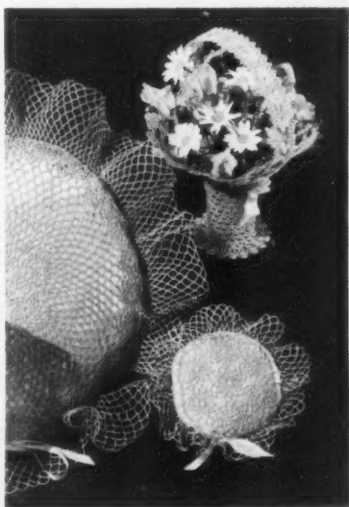
Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop

DON'T EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTER

Continued from page 19

("My husband and I are both college graduates. I can't understand Johnnie's low marks!"), a thorn in the side to her children whom she often unconsciously resents. "If I weren't tied down like this," she thinks secretly, "I'd be doing all the wonderful things I was trained for. I'd be making good money, I'd be a person instead of just the kids' mother." Because she's intelligent, she knows her children and home are important. So she overcompensates, taking out her guilt complex by making a doormat of herself, fulfilling her own thwarted ambition through her offspring, while all the time inner struggle is taking its toll. It's a case of "Adjust or lie down on this nice padded couch . . ."

No, sir, give me the dumb cluck, the bat-eyed little blonde who can whip off a three-layer angel cake and thinks physics means pills. What if she didn't get through high school? She can read, can't she? I got through high school, college too, but I can't help my son with seventh-grade homework. "We don't do it that way," he says and his clear eyes hold deep compassion for a mother who never heard of a bare predicate and is therefore a moron. It serves me right. If I hadn't honored in English, I wouldn't have stuck my neck out in the first place. The dumb little blonde would have known better. She'd have said, "Darling, you know how stupid I am. Ask your father," and come off with



FEMININE FRILLS

Light and lacy and oh-so-dainty this lovely bed pillow and pincushion to match, plus accessory basket for milady's dressing table, are quickly and easily crocheted. Instructions for making—25c. Order No. C149.

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That's because *Lavoris* detaches and flushes out "ropey" saliva and mucus coating that contains bacteria-forming substances — even after you've brushed your teeth. Only when these impurities are completely removed can you get maximum protection against unpleasant breath.

Your gums and mouth tissues, too, benefit by the stimulating astringent action of *Lavoris*. And how you'll love its delightful cinnamon-and-clove flavor! Use *Lavoris* daily for whole-mouth freshness and health. Buy a bottle for the family medicine cabinet today.



Dentists prefer *Lavoris* overwhelmingly, both personally and for use at the chair, because they know *Lavoris* is so efficient — and their patients like its refreshing flavor.

LAVORIS

MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

her status unassailed and unimpaired.

Don't educate your daughter, train her to be a woman. Prepare her for hours in the kitchen and nursery. That's what she's going to get stuck with anyway. Oh, I know all the arguments against it. "Education is a preparation for living." All right, most of my living ranges between four walls and the supermarket—and I wasn't prepared for either. "I want my daughter to have a profession in case she's left a widow." If your daughter is skilled in the domestic arts, she's a pearl beyond price in the economic world of women with bulging brains who can't boil an egg. And if she truly enjoys homemaking, if she knows how to keep a man happy, believe me she won't stay a widow long!

"Women are emancipated today. They stand on an equal footing with men," you say. Are you kidding? Women are thwarted and tripped up by Nature at every step. The smartest are

those who realize it and get out of the rat race as soon as they can while some man takes over. I don't advocate the mountaineer's philosophy of "keeping 'em barefoot and pregnant," but a contented husband's apt to provide better shoes, and babies have a disconcerting habit of getting born.

"Get a Nice Dumb Wife"

I'm not the only one who feels like this. Many university alumnae are complaining that nothing in their degree fitted them for their eventual career. There are other straws in the wind. Some high schools are teaching teenagers to bathe a rubber doll, which is great stuff when you come to hold eight pounds of red raging flesh in your hands. The more advanced colleges are sand-wiching in marriage counseling between botany and advanced calculus. Diffidently, of course. Almost apologetically. Thanks, professor, I'm doing my own

counseling. Listen to me as I advise my sons over the clangor of pots and pans.

"Don't get a girl like me, boys. I'm the horrible example. Get yourself a nice dumb wife who thinks you're wonderful and doesn't know any better. The less education she's got, the more she's going to like being married."

The more she's going to like a lot of things, including the skivvy work she's going to be doing for forty years. Make no mistake, she's the one who'll do it. Gone are the days when you hired a maid for forty a month. So who washes and cooks and cleans and scours? The B.A., the B.Sc., the embryo architect. And what does she think when the hand that held the sheepskin scrubs the dishes? Day after day, year after year?

The more intellectual a woman, the more she expects from life—and she's not going to get it. She's going to get a home with its cares, a husband and

children with their problems. Sometimes it takes years to learn just how important these are. No one ever stressed them—at home, at school, at college. Sometimes she never finds out. Then we have the divorce court, the broken home and an educated woman who missed the greatest education of all—living.

Don't worry about your daughter if she's not too bright at school. Hand her a broom at six and the neighbor's babies at ten. She'll be holding one or the other most of her life anyway. Don't apologize for her because she's taking domestic science while her friends grope for more lurid degrees. You've got a realist, a girl with a practical sanity sadly lacking in our world today. And if she does go to college, don't let her get swept away by education. Marriage is her goal and there's lots of potential material under the campus elms.

In other words, Mother, remember your daughter's a woman. Nature began it, now you've got to carry on. Teach her homemaking in all its branches, prepare her for manifest destiny. She won't get any help from higher education geared to men, training men for man's work in the economic world. She won't learn warmth and tenderness and serenity, the thousand skills she'll need as wife and mother. An old countrywoman I know expressed it very well, watching a brisk woman veterinarian apply a stethoscope to a cow. "There just ain't no use educatin' wimmen. Seems like it only upsets 'em!"

Sometimes I think she's right. +

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by POND'S



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This ivory-and-golden darling Mirror Case holds mirror, puff and Angel Face — \$1.50. Perfect for your handbag!

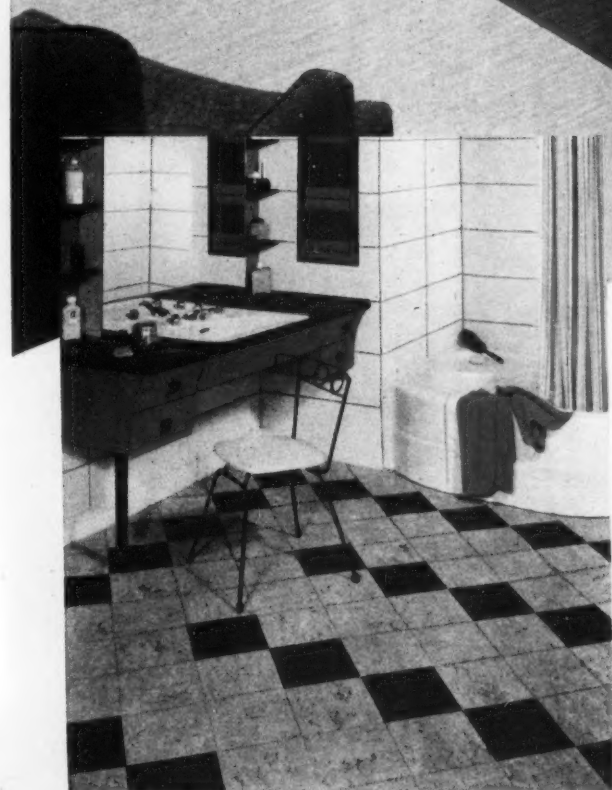


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Decorative floors like this are inspiring today's trend to **DOMINION inlaid LINOLEUM**



TILES AND BY-THE-YARD

Marbleum Battleship Jaspé Handicraft

made only in Canada...sold by style-setting Canadian retailers

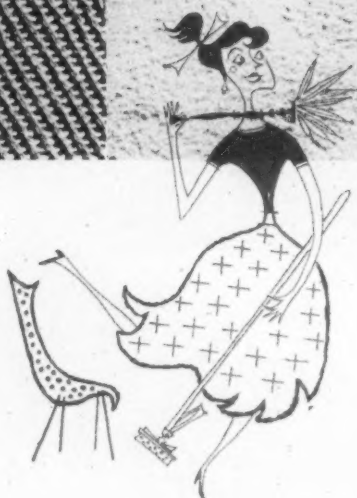
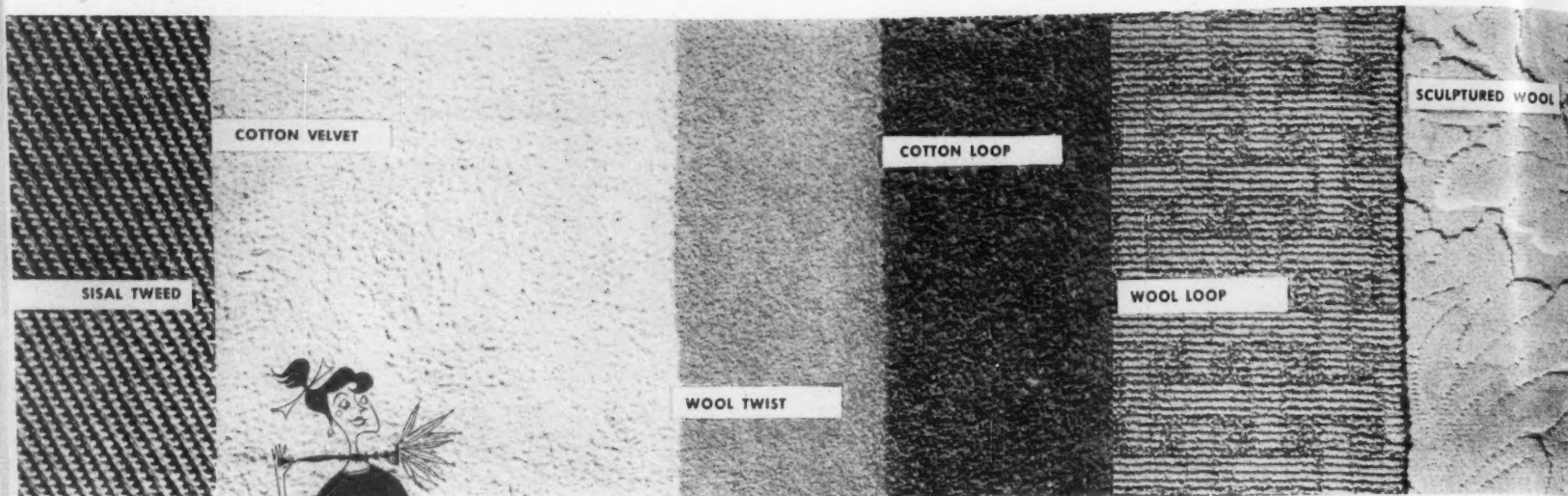
LINOLEUM MEANS LOVELINESS for every room in the modern home. With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum you can create your own expressive, unique decorative effects . . . soft, subtle backgrounds for bedrooms and living rooms . . . vivid, vibrant floor beauty for kitchen, bathroom, playroom and hall.

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A new book—"Home Planning Guide"—that offers a world of ideas on home building, remodelling and decorating can now be obtained for only 50 cents. You'll find this guide *invaluable* because it's a complete, *up-to-the-minute* handbook that contains all the information, inspiration and guidance you need to plan and *have* one of today's loveliest homes. Enclose 50c for your copy to Home Planning Department, Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

DOMINION inlaid LINOLEUM

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Wool was the backbone of carpeting until our ingenuity, spurred by war shortages, developed new fibres for covering floors that have their own good qualities. Cotton is the pusher

among these newcomers and both it and rayon hold true colors, soil a bit faster but stand up well. Sisal, among the vegetable fibres, is also long-wearing, can be stapled on walls

Originality takes the floor

You can't quite strip the bark from your own trees for floor coverings

but almost everything else goes and — best news of all — most of these bright new materials won't break your budget

By MARGARET NEWCOMBE

YOU NEVER know what you'll find underfoot these days. It may be rubber, leather, wool or rayon, cork, cotton or plastic, sweet-smelling sea grass from Spain, cactus fibres from Africa, river flagstones, old brick or even paper carpeting. What it all adds up to is new and exciting underpinnings for all your rooms, light luscious colors you never dreamed could be so easy to care for, and sculptured, tousled and casual textures that reflect an entirely new approach to living.

When the last remnants of Victorian clutter were swept away in World War I, we found ourselves staring at our suddenly cleared floor space, with its one neat carpet bordered by shining hardwood. By the thirties wall-to-wall carpeting was back again in the form of lush broadloom, the height of each family's ambition. But until we could achieve it, we spent the Saturday mornings of our youth down on our knees polishing mother's prized hardwood. Today, however, we're much more original and imaginative in our approach to our floors and there is such a richness of choice that there is absolutely no excuse to copy, let alone keep up with, the Joneses.

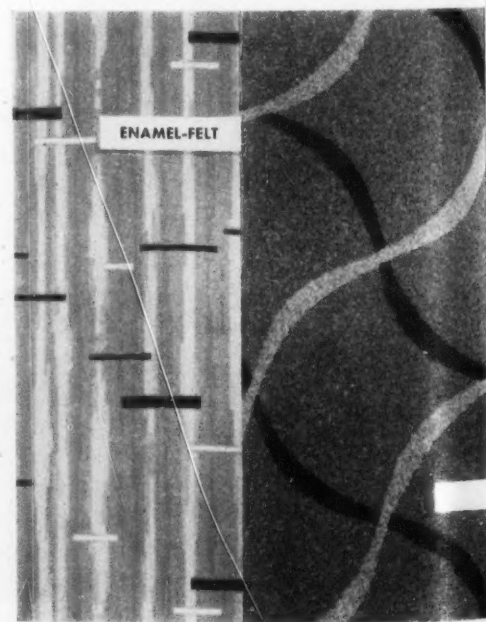
People now choose floors to fit their living habits—for example, the introduction of TV with static viewing places has resulted in the popularity of small area rugs and carpets that can be

shifted for even wear. Wives with two careers like the movement into living- and bedrooms of hard floor coverings, such as linoleum and plastic tiles, which can be quickly mopped and dusted. Young architects are cutting down the cost of floor construction by laying these directly on cheaper subflooring, like plywood.

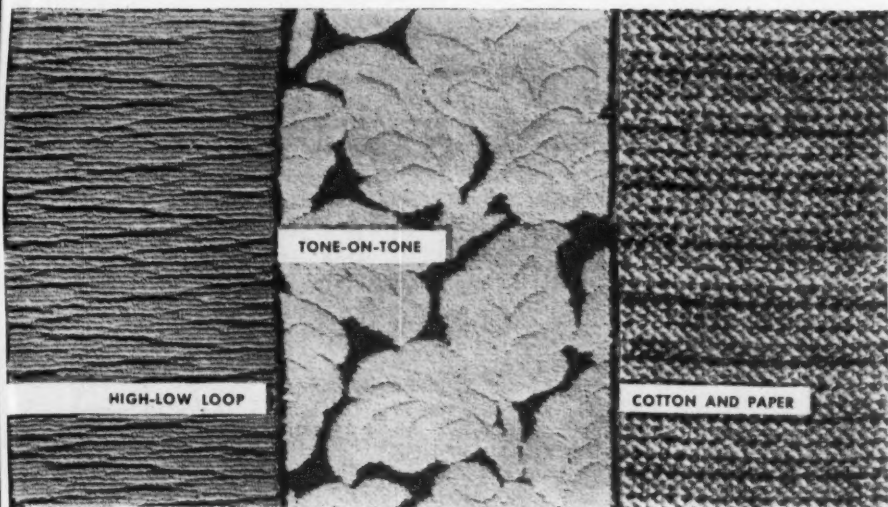
In line with the feeling for an airy spaciousness are the new softened colors and the new simplicity of design. The elaborate many-colored patterns of Oriental rugs, sometimes horribly reproduced in cheap, gaudy carpets, are fading away and in their place comes the emphasis on textures, on sculptured, two-level piles, restrained tone-on-tone and single-hued rugs. Twisted, looped, carved and shag finishes make footprints less obvious and some cotton broadlooms are deliberately designed to make the most of the stepped-on look as part of their casual charm.

Rug cushions improve the feel and look of any rug and add 40 to 145 percent more wear. New types, moth-resistant, are a far cry from the year's supply of newsprint we used to put down with many pauses to read yesterday's headlines. Sponge rubber, resilient hair felt and porous foam latex are good bets.

Decorating plans start from the floor up so know what type of room you want to achieve and then let your originality show here first.

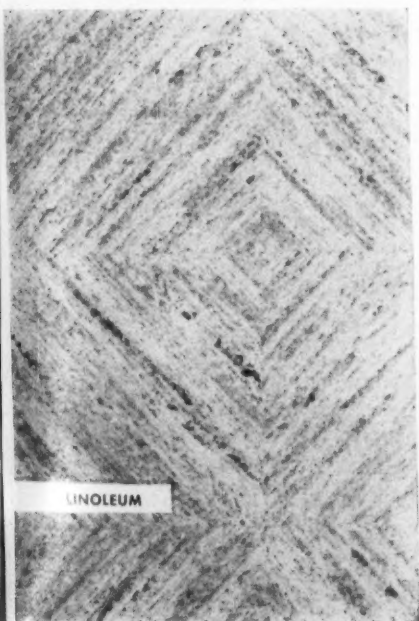
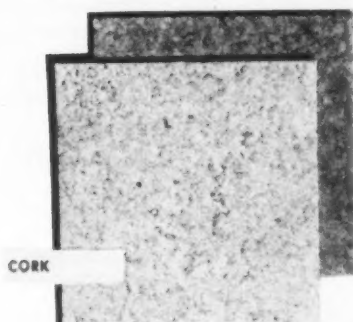


Hard floor coverings sweep into every room in the house and their patterns are correspondingly suave and sophisticated. Sealed cork tiles are glamour stars here and vie in price with soft-underfoot rubber, laminated oak tiles, the new long-lasting vinyl plastics. Linoleum and

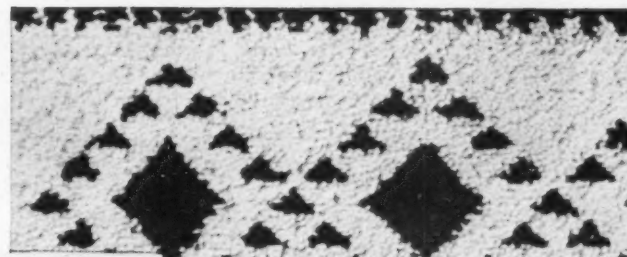


Look What's Happening to Living

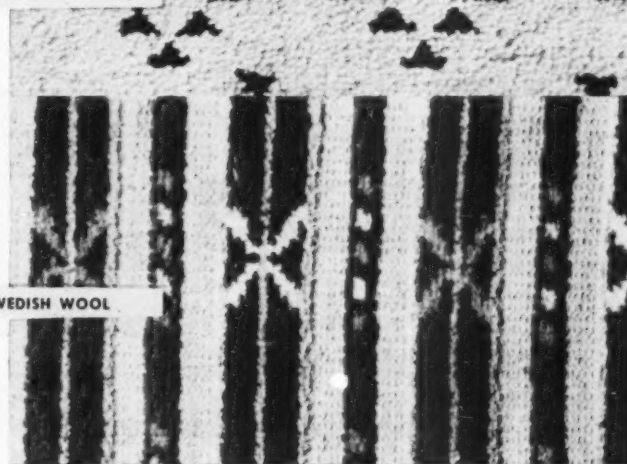
for sound-proofing and creates the sought-after textured effect. Designs in all materials have improved vastly since the war and rely largely on uneven surface effects for their patterns—high and low piles, looped and twisted fibres. Colors are softer—greys, greens and browns.



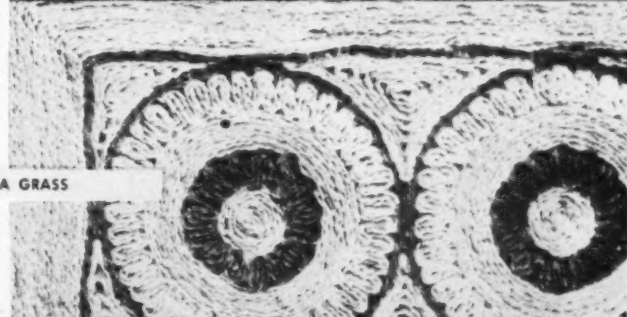
the kindred felt-base coverings appear in stylish garb, too. Ease of care, color and wearing quality have all improved. Asphalt, still tops for below-ground rooms, and vinyl prove the best for radiant-heated homes.



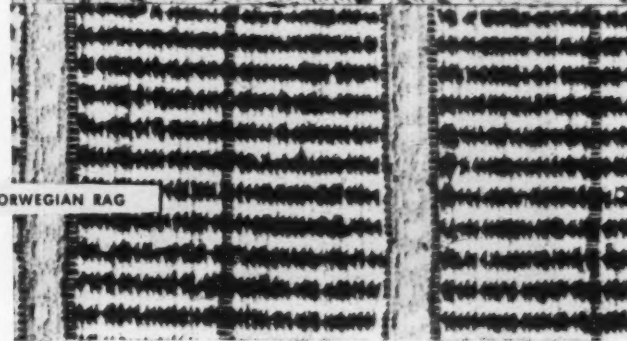
MOROCCAN WOOL



SWEDISH WOOL



SEA GRASS



NORWEGIAN RAG

Texture is notable in the made-by-hand imports that fit into the area rug trend. The thick creamy wool and artfully simple geometric designs of Moroccan and Arabian rugs, the strong masculine stripes of the Norwegian rag runner, and the dreamy pastel patterns in Swedish wool highlight any floor. Spanish sea grass is only one of the exotic new fibres being used for light-footed decorative schemes.

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PRINCESS MARGARET DANCES AGAIN

Continued from page 14

the low ceiling and swallowing mouthfuls of coal dust. "It tastes delicious," she cried above the noise, and when somebody asked if she would like to mine some coal she replied, "I certainly must have a go." Hewing vigorously with a shiny new pick axe she finally persuaded a reluctant seam to yield a small piece. "I'm going to have it mounted as a memento," she panted.

This little event was in keeping with the new, gayer off-duty picture of the Princess. Recently she unexpectedly appeared at a first night with three friends, sitting not in a box but in the orchestra. Afterward she went backstage to talk to the star, eighty-four-year-old veteran A. E. Matthews. They parted with a promise to collaborate on a play.

She has been to see the naughty American musical, *Pal Joey*, whose lyrics, expurgated for London by the Lord Chamberlain's Office, she can sing in the original. She has been seen dancing at expensive night clubs. At one she sang into the ears of her partners, Lord Porchester and Lord Westmoreland.

During one ten-day period recently she went to four theatres. At one of them she was greeted at the regular entrance by an apologetic man in a somewhat rumpled suit. "Actually there's a magnificently attired manager waiting for you at the other entrance," he said. "Oh Gosh!" exclaimed the Princess. "Have I put my foot in it—again?"

Margaret confesses rather dreamily that she "adores" the theatre and the company of theatrical people. She has a talent for mimicry and when she sings, her rather thin speaking voice is a surprisingly deep contralto. Noel Coward once said that if she were an actress she would never be without a job. The night she raced gaily down the street in the red roadster she had been helping prove his point.

She had just played the part of a beautiful girl named Stella Bennett in a rehearsal of a charity show. The Frog, staged by a group of her titled and wealthy friends. When her father in the play refused to let her marry a detective, she replied: "Don't be silly darling, I'm not a vintage port or anything." Because tradition prevents members of the royal family from performing in public even in such Debrett-sponsored theatricals as this Margaret, who would dearly have loved the part, was only a stand-in until the star recovered from tonsillitis.

At both public function and private party, Margaret has never looked lovelier. Nor has she been more beautifully dressed. She is the tiniest member of the royal family—a diminutive five feet one and a half inches. She is slightly thinner than she was five years ago when her measurements (an accepted secret of royal ladies) accidentally leaked out by way of Paris. (Margaret ordered a gown from Christian Dior. The model on whom it was fitted had a thirty-three-inch bust, thirty-three-inch hips and a twenty-one-inch waist.) The oval of her face is marred by a slightly pointed chin,

What was
good
enough
for
Grandma...



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"EDINBURGH CASTLE IS ONLY ONE of the many places my family was delighted to visit in Britain last summer," says Mrs. Flint Garrison, from Brantford, Ontario. The Garrison family is shown here at the entrance to the Castle. "We are all glad we made the trip. We saw so much—and for so little."

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her mouth is full and her enormous eyes a deep brilliant blue. Her complexion, less fair than the Queen's, is nevertheless exquisite.

She is the only member of the royal family, except the Duchess of Kent, who does not submit without argument to the dictates of a couturier. She still sketches her own designs, as she did when she was a girl longing to be thirty and sophisticated. "You can be too young to be smart—never too old," she once said.

A Relentless March of Suitors

Margaret once expressed the wistful hope that she might become the best-dressed woman in England. Judging from the clothes she has been wearing lately this ambition must be close to realization. Fashion writers have been twittering excitedly about her magnificent wild mink coat (a present from Queen Mary); about her smart hats, particularly a crazy little number with cut-outs in the crown; about her elegant suits, and about a short, black chiffon evening dress, which is a personal victory over the royal family prejudice against black except for mourning. Margaret fought to wear black because it is a dramatic foil for her coloring.

There is nothing new, of course, in the fashion writers' interest in Margaret. On August 21, 1948, at Balmoral Castle, to the skirl of pipes and the staccato rhythm of a Latin-American band imported from a London night club, she came of age, royally speaking. Since then an almost constant stream of fact and fancy has been printed about her and she has become less a fairy princess than a fairy tale.

What has made her a legend is the anxiety of the gossips to find her a husband and make her life a fairy tale with a happy ending. Her name has been marched relentlessly across the world's front pages romantically tied to that of one young man after another. Most of her "suitors" have been childhood companions and the brothers of her girl friends and none have really interested her. But this never discouraged the architects of the royal legend.

Now nearly all her old beaux are married but when they were single Margaret took a mischievous delight in clouding the issue by posing for photographs with each favorite in turn. She naively enjoyed reading everything written about her "love life." "You'd think she was a film star," Elizabeth once said. Her repeated "engagements" became a royal family joke.

The King, once encountering one of her young men in the palace, remarked ironically: "Sir, I understand by the newspapers that you are going to marry my daughter."

Margaret resented criticism of her public life, however. When the newspapers once complained about the milk-and-water platitudes of her speeches, she protested: "Surely it is the feeling behind them that counts. And what do they expect me to say—hiya folks?" When her late nights were said to constitute a bad example to youth, she complained: "When other people work hard nobody objects to their playing hard in their spare time. When I play I get written about and most of the work escapes notice."

Margaret was actually much less giddy than she was painted. She stayed



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THE IRISH LINEN GUILD

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up late on Saturday night but she went to church early on Sunday morning. She spent more evenings at home with her parents than she did with friends at night clubs. She played Bach oftener than she played jazz, she sang English folk songs to her father oftener than she did imitations with Danny Kaye whom she met during his first appearance at the London Palladium in 1949. And she shouldered her share of royal responsibility although she could not always conceal her boredom. "Guess what their

idea of a day out for me is—the Battersea power station," she once said.

She also proved to be determinedly individualistic. "I will not wear any more of Lillibet's old clothes," she announced firmly just before her eighteenth birthday. She was criticized for using too much make-up and wearing clothes that were too old for her. She was talked about because she smoked in public but she continued to do it and now her long ivory cigaret holder (just like the Duchess of Kent's) is a com-

monplace. She was criticized for wearing an off-the-shoulder gown which she had bought secretly in Paris in 1949. Two years later, however, she was again wearing strapless dresses.

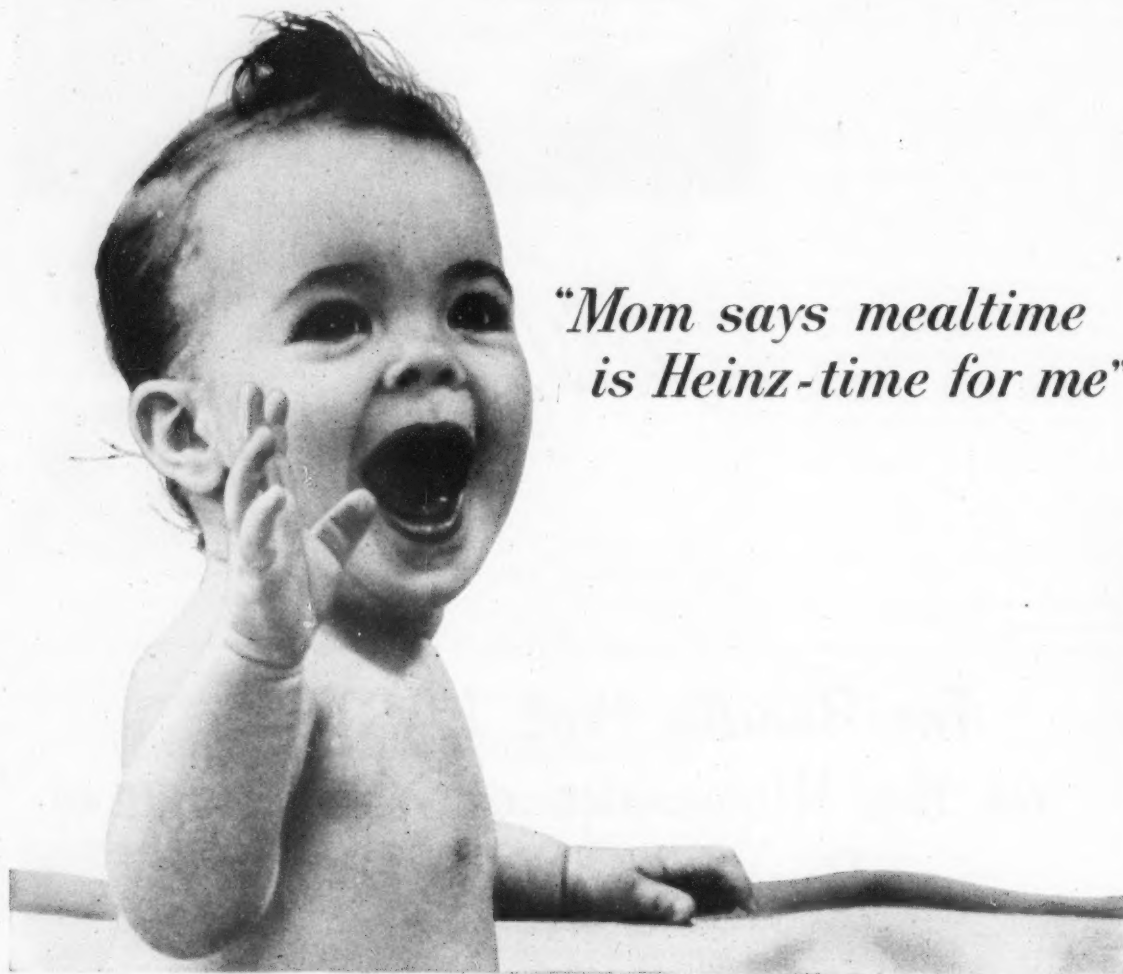
The King always looked upon his younger daughter with a fondly indulgent eye. He was amused by her love of fun, charmed by her gaiety, delighted by her good looks. He was also angered when she was criticized. "You are only young once," he said. "Have a good time."

The King also understood that as a princess everything she did was magnified out of all proportion to its importance. Her headlined cancan, danced in 1949 at a party in the home of her friend Sharman Douglas, daughter of the United States Ambassador, was described by author Godfrey Winn, who saw it, as "so decorous it could have been presented by Queen Victoria in one of her *tableaux vivants* for her children." What's more she danced it with her father's permission.

If, in the beginning, the King failed to understand how newsworthy Margaret was, he soon learned when in 1949 he yielded to her plea and allowed her to go to Italy on what he hopefully described as "a quiet, educational holiday." It was anything but quiet. Margaret was pursued relentlessly by hordes of reporters and photographers. One, posing as a fisherman, succeeded in snapping her in a two-piece bathing suit.

She fulfilled her lifelong, wistful ambition to "stay in an ordinary hotel" but she had none of the fun of an ordinary tourist. What's more, the Presbyterian papers at home complained because she visited the Pope and the Communist press said her trip was "a disgraceful waste of war reparations." Two years later in Paris it was even worse and the King declared he would not allow her to go to America until her marriage.

Continued on page 77

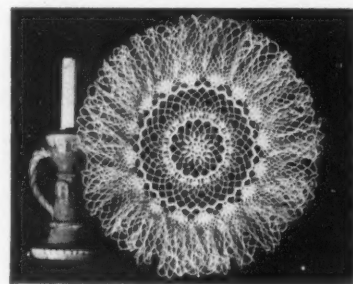


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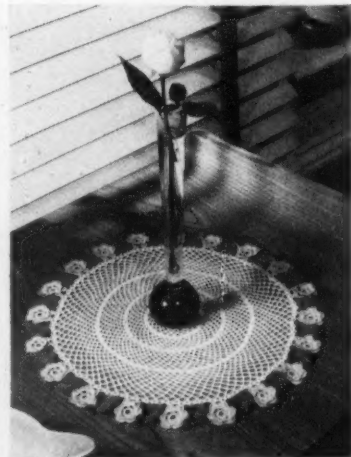
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YOUNG PARENTS



IS FLUORIDATION DANGEROUS?

"No!" says Dr. Robertson, who gives you here the clear and simple facts on how this "fortified drinking water" saves teeth

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

MANY ARTICLES and letters in the newspapers claim that fluoridated water is both dangerous and expensive. It is neither. It is not only absolutely harmless but relatively cheap, and numerous scientific reports have shown that it will cut tooth decay at least in half. It costs from twelve to seventeen cents per person per year to add fluorine to a municipal water supply and dentists have calculated that for every dollar a family pays for fluoridation, it will save thirty-five dollars in dental treatment. Even if everyone could afford to give their youngsters good dental attention, there aren't nearly enough dentists in Canada to do the work. With fluoridation, the situation would be much improved.

A year ago artificially fluoridated water was being drunk by fourteen million people in the United States and plans were under way to provide it for fifteen million more. After careful study, its use has been recommended by the Canadian Dental Association, the U. S. Public Health Service and many other such official organizations.

How was the effect of fluoride on tooth decay discovered? About twenty-five years ago a group of research dentists from the U. S. Public Health Service examined the teeth of seven thousand children living in twenty-one different cities. They found that the youngsters who were drinking water containing no fluoride or fewer than 0.5 parts per million parts of water had two to four times as much tooth decay as those using water containing 1 to 2.5 parts per million. Other dentists

on this continent and in Europe and South Africa found the same thing true.

For instance, the teeth of thirteen hundred children in Stratford, Ont., where the water naturally contains 1.3 parts of fluoride, were compared with those of a similar group living in Sarnia, where the water is free of fluorine. The children were selected at random by statistical methods. They found that by twelve to fourteen years of age, one hundred Sarnia children had lost altogether 161 permanent teeth through decay. A hundred similar youngsters in Stratford had lost only 18. These same Sarnia children had among them 159 cavities, filled and unfilled, in their four upper front teeth compared with only 9 in the Stratford group. Studies have shown that the good effect of the fluoride carries over into adult life too.

The next step was to find out whether artificially added fluoride would have the same beneficial effect as naturally occurring fluoride. Beginning in 1945 sufficient fluoride was added to the water in Brantford, Ont., Newburgh, N.Y., and Grand Rapids, Mich., so that one part per million was present. The children's teeth were examined regularly by research dentists as were those of children living in nearby cities where the water did not contain this substance. All the reports from these three cities have shown a marked reduction in dental decay, from fifty to sixty-six percent, in children who had the benefit of fluoridated water all their lives. Even the teeth of children who started using the treated water when they were ten

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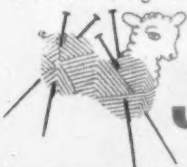


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years old were improved by it to some extent.

In addition, five hundred of the Newburgh children were given thorough medical examinations, including bone X-rays, and it was found that the fluoride had no adverse effect. Children and young and old adults who have drunk it in water all their lives, in amounts ranging from 1 to 1.7 parts per million, have been studied in detail and no evidence of any damage whatever has been found. Mortality statistics of cities using such water differed in no way from those where the water was fluoride-free.

The fluoride is most effective when it is available from earliest childhood when teeth are developing. Small amounts are incorporated in the teeth, making them harder, although ninety percent is excreted in the urine and perspiration. Tooth decay starts because some germs in the mouth produce acid from sugar and this acid burns or etches the initial hole on the surface of the tooth. These acid-producing germs are less plentiful in the mouths of people using fluoridated water. It may be that the fluoride interferes with their capacity to make the acid.

Attempts have been made to obtain the same effect by using fluoride lozenges, tablets, mouth washes or dentifrices, but these have been unsuccessful. Numerous regular applications of a weak fluoride solution to the surface of the teeth at intervals throughout childhood will cut down decay, but not as much as fluoridated water. Besides, this requires a lot of expert treatment and is therefore expensive. Our foods have very little fluoride in them. Tea heads the list, but even it does not contain enough to make the intake excessive when the water is fluoridated.

Efficient and safe machines are available for adding the correct minute amounts of fluorine to the water. Simple but accurate methods for measuring the amount of fluoride in the water are available and a waterworks staff tests it many times daily. Most cities add chlorine to their water to prevent typhoid and other water-borne diseases. The fact that it is poisonous in large doses doesn't worry anyone, or at least it shouldn't. A poisonous dose of fluoride contains about four thousand times what you would drink per day as fluoridated water.

Cavities in the teeth are directly injurious to health, in addition to the pain and interference with chewing they cause. Do you know that even by two years of age, three out of ten Canadian children have cavities and that by six years, nine of every ten are afflicted? It is true that fluoridation is not the whole answer. The child also needs foods such as milk, cheese, citrus and other fruits, vegetables, meat, eggs, whole-grain cereals and vitamin D to help build good teeth. The excessive use of sweet foods, especially between meals, increases tooth decay. Brushing the teeth immediately after eating or, if that is not possible, rinsing the mouth with water, helps to curb tooth decay. Regular examination by a dentist and repair when needed are also essential to maintain good teeth.

One leading American dentist describes the fluoridation of water as the greatest discovery in dental history. We should take advantage of it as soon as possible. +



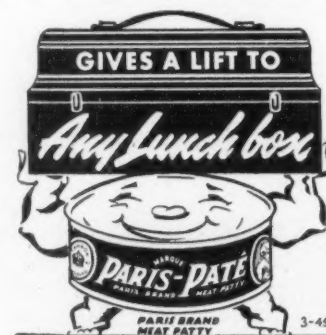
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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

First Aid
for

**DRY
SKIN**



Continued from page 74

There was another reason for the King's tolerance. He understood Margaret's loneliness after Elizabeth married and moved to Clarence House. The sisters had always been very close. The bonds of affection in the royal family were drawn tighter than is normal because as royalty they are continually thrown in on themselves for the only genuine human relationships they can enjoy. It was only when they were alone that they could call each other by pet names and indulge in normal emotional outlets. Whenever an outsider entered the family circle, protocol demanded that behavior be rigidly circumscribed and Sirs, Ma'ams and Your Majesty's replace their private terms of affection.

Margaret and her father were particularly devoted. "I do not think it has ever been properly understood how close the King was to his younger daughter," said Marion Crawford, former royal governess. When he died in February 1952, Margaret told a friend, "I simply cannot imagine growing old and never seeing papa again." Never

a hearty eater, and with a far from robust constitution, she now refused food and lost weight alarmingly. She abruptly forgot all about the frivolities that had ever amused her and sought comfort in the church.

Even then the gossips found something to talk about—they said she was going to join a nunnery. This rumor started because she began attending communicants' classes daily at a church near Buckingham Palace and was often seen on weekdays at early morning

communion. There was nothing unusual in this. Margaret has always taken religion seriously. She still attends early morning communion and again this spring took communicants' instruction.

Her loneliness in the months leading up to the Coronation was intense. Even after court mourning ended she did not want to go out. "I cannot leave mummy alone," she gave as her excuse. Most of her friends were married and occupied with small children. And her sister, now Queen, was caught up in absorbing new

activities which Margaret could not share. It was natural that she should turn for companionship to the one fixed point in so radically changed a background—royal equerry Group Captain Peter Townsend, who since 1944 had been one of her father's closest associates and was a favorite of the whole family.

The handsome, thirty-nine-year-old war hero had known Margaret since she was an awkward adolescent and later, when she grew up, he had often accom-

CASH PRIZES

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ONCE AGAIN Chatelaine is offering cash prizes for the top Fifty Favorite Family Recipes submitted by readers.

What does your family like best of all the things you cook for them? This year five prizes of \$25.00 will go to the winners in each of five categories below which cover just about every kind of dish a woman cooks for her family and their guests:

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You can enter more than one class but you are eligible for only one prize. Of course, our big January food issues feature Fifty Favorite Family Recipes, and each additional dish selected as one of the Fifty Family Favorites will win a prize of \$5.00 for the reader who sent it in.

Please write, print or type your entry on one page (a separate page for each recipe submitted), giving exact measurements, specifying the type of ingredient (e.g. pastry or all-purpose flour; granulated, powdered, brown sugar; cut of meat; kind of fish, etc.) and giving clear directions including time and temperature of cooking and the yield.

At the top left corner of the page, state the classification of your recipe (Bread, Cake, etc.) and at the bottom right corner print clearly your name and address.

Sorry, we can't return any of these recipes, so be sure you don't send us your only copy of that Family Favorite.

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RESEARCH

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panied her to parties as a royal duty. Now he took her riding in Windsor Great Park in the afternoons, and in the evenings played three-handed canasta with her and her mother, trying to divert them from their sorrow and loneliness. No one was surprised when he was appointed, at the beginning of 1953, comptroller of the Queen Mother's household.

The surprise came when French and American reporters covering the Coronation said Margaret and Townsend were in love and wanted to marry but could not because Townsend had been through the divorce courts. (In December 1952 he divorced the mother of his two sons for adultery. She subsequently married the correspondent in the suit.) As head of the Church of England, which prohibits the remarriage of divorced persons, the Queen could not give her consent to the marriage, said these stories. They further declared that cabinet advice had been sought and the answer was "no."

When Townsend was abruptly relieved of his court appointments and removed to a Royal Air Force posting in Brussels, the rumors seemed to be confirmed. His departure, the day before Margaret returned from South Africa last July, touched off a blaze of headlines coupling his name with hers.

These were kept alive by an amendment to the Regency Act, making the Duke of Edinburgh, not Princess Margaret, regent in case the Queen dies before Prince Charles becomes eighteen years old.

A careful examination of the thousands of words written about this alleged romance leave one with the certain

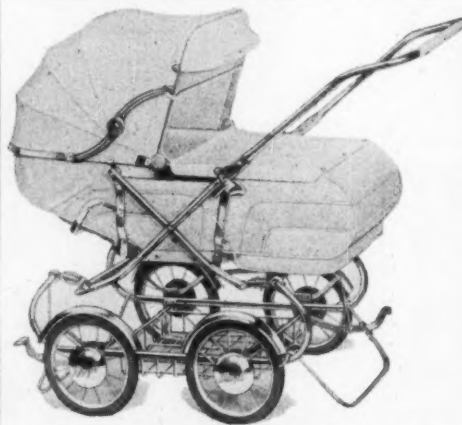
feeling that those who say Margaret and Townsend were *not* in love have as good a case as those who say they were. Friends of Townsend claim that he himself asked to be posted abroad because his presence at court had become an embarrassment to Margaret and her mother.

R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, emphatically denied that the Queen had ever discussed Princess Margaret's possible marriage to Townsend with any member of the cabinet, formally or informally. As for the Regency Act, he said, the Queen had asked for the change immediately after her accession because she wanted her husband to be her son's legal guardian and this arrangement was agreeable to all members of the royal family.

The Lovely Countess

Whatever the truth — and this is something only Margaret or Townsend can make clear — speculation about them stopped as abruptly as it began. And since then neither has behaved like a broken-hearted lover thwarted by the unfeeling hand of royal politics. Townsend was recently described by a Brussels society matron as a man who "smiles a lot, takes a confident part in the high life of the capital and seems gayest in the presence of the lovely countess." The "lovely countess" is the thirty-four-year-old daughter of a Dutch nobleman who is often escorted by the former equerry.

As for Princess Margaret she seems to have become consistently more like the gay and happy girl she was before her father died. Last year, on her twenty-third birthday, she danced until



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5 a.m. and according to reports of friends flirted with the Hon. Richard Beaumont, twenty-seven-year-old son of Viscount Allendale. Since then she has led an active social life mainly in the company of Billy Wallace and Mark Bonham-Carter, old friends and old favorites and among the few unmarried survivors of that postwar social phenomenon, "the Margaret Set."

Wallace, the twenty-seven-year-old stepson of American author Herbert Agar, is witty, rich, intelligent and slightly unconventional. Like the Duke of Edinburgh he loves polo and fast cars. He is the owner of the red roadster in which Princess Margaret has so often been seen lately and in which she loves to drive. Friends say she is always laughing in his company and once they were "reliably reported" to be in love.

Mark Bonham-Carter is a thirty-one-year-old publisher and the son of Liberal MP Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, one of the most brilliant orators in England. A lover of music, ballet, the theatre and the arts, he fits into the sophisticated group that surrounds Margaret's admired aunt, the Duchess of Kent. This group is composed of literati and entertainment celebrities like Noel Coward, Cecil Beaton, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks and Vivien Leigh. Margaret finds her aunt's friends more stimulating than her own.

Her idea of a perfect party, for instance, was one she attended with the Duchess in 1951 at the home of Sir Duff Cooper, just outside Paris. After the professional pianist left, Margaret took his place and with Noel Coward on one side and Greta Garbo on the other she

sang songs until four o'clock in the morning.

She abominates dullness and has always preferred slightly more intellectual company than most of her girl friends. She is a bright conversationalist and loves to talk, gesticulating freely with her long cigaret holder. Recently at a command performance at Windsor Castle, Margaret was deep in a discussion with a professional pianist when the rest of the royal family were ready to leave. "Margaret," called the Queen, but apparently she didn't hear. "My sister can natter," said Elizabeth to one of the actors before she called again.

Margaret also loves to listen if it is to someone she finds interesting. Thor Heyerdahl, author of the adventure story Kon-Tiki, was presented to her last year in Norway and at her insistence he showed her the raft on which he had sailed the Pacific. He said afterward: "I didn't imagine a girl, especially a princess, could be so enthusiastic."

In the five years since she first began to make headlines she has matured. She is less autocratic with her admirers than she used to be. She spends a great deal of time with her mother and often entertains at home so her mother can share her enjoyments. The Queen Mother was said to be offended by reports that the Princess had bachelor-girl quarters reached by a private elevator. "This is nonsense," said a friend. "The Princess lives just the way any unmarried daughter would live with her mother." She has a private sitting room adjoining her bedroom, but she takes meals with her mother and entertains her beaux in the family drawing-room.

One of her frequent guests is Lord



Just as everyone loves a rest, everyone loves nylon tricot! This easy-living fabric fits into a daily need, a way of life that we have come to cherish! From shirts to sheets, it is proving itself in good looks, easy care and long service. That's why more and more people are looking for tricot—either in plain colors and patterns, or in novelty designs, stripes and prints. And whether it's sheer or heavy, gay or tailored, it makes life simple—at work, travel or play!

Large or small, your budget will go further if you buy quality tricot that is closely and evenly knit. This quality tricot will give you better wear, keep new-looking for a long time! No more nighties that bag around your knees, because quality tricot won't shrink or sag! With well-made tricot the shape is built right into the garment.

What would we do without beautiful tricot slips like this one, that wash and wear with little care! Now every woman can have fragile lingerie in sheer weights, or made from the new opaque yarn with less show-through! What's more, because nylon tricot can be scrubbed in a tub, you can afford to have not only everyday slips, but extras in colors that you always considered a luxury!



I've just found the most luxurious sheets in all my sleeping years . . . nylon tricot contour sheets! They're soft and silky, slip onto the mattress like a glove. Bed-making is actually a pleasure now! These sheets come in sizes to fit double or twin beds, and cribs, whether they have foam or inner spring mattresses. You'll want to stock them in white, pink, blue or green—shades to build a dream on! Better still, they're so easy to wash at home, with never an iron in the picture.

Just as separates are in the fashion picture to stay, so is nylon tricot! All year round women find it easy to keep fresh and comfortable in ensembles that tie in with a nylon tricot blouse. Whether worn with a suit, skirt, or slacks, these blouses are feminine and practical. In this season's blouse range you'll find rich sheers for evening, crisply tailored shirts for sports, colors and patterns for every hour of the day.



It's amazing how many uses you can put a nylon tricot half slip to! I got one to go with a party dress that just wouldn't take a full slip, and I find myself wearing it more and more! Everyone needs a black one and a white one. And it's hard to resist the beauties that are encased in layers of pleated frills, and made in such shades as eggshell, aqua or firelight red! If you'd like to know more about the care, wear and kinds of nylon tricot, just write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, Du Pont Building, Montreal, and I'll send you a copy of "Live Easy, Look Lovely in Nylon Tricot!"

DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

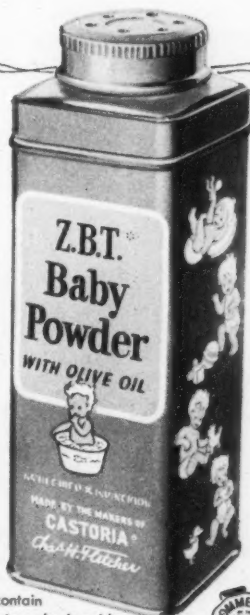
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Moisture-Proof Your Baby Against Diaper Irritation



Z.B.T. Baby Powder with Olive Oil soothes like powder, protects like oil. Moisture-proofs skin against irritating acid-moisture of wet diapers and perspiration. Actually sheds moisture, does not absorb it. Guards against painful chafing, prickly heat, urine scald, and diaper rash. Keeps skin dry, comfortable. At every bath and diaper change, use Z.B.T. Baby Powder.



Does not contain zinc stearate or boric acid



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*No soaking
No hard scrubbing!*



THERE'S
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GREASY BROILERS get a "shine-up" scouring in seconds with a sturdy metal-fiber Brillo® Soap Pad. Brillo whisks off scorch and grease fast!

CRUSTY CASSEROLES shed baked-on food easily. No messy hard scrubbing! No lengthy soaking.

POLISHES AND SCOURS! Because Brillo Soap Pads are loaded with special soap containing jeweler's polish!

SAVE MONEY! Brillo Soap Pads have more metal fiber, more soap... and you get more pads in every Brillo box!

BRILLO SOAP PADS BRILLO CLEANSER
(red box) (green box)
Soap-filled pads Pads plus cake soap

THRIFTIER!
5 and 12 pad boxes

Plunket, a childhood friend whom she calls Patrick. He has been a temporary equerry for about six years and was recently appointed deputy master of the royal household. Earlier this year he spent a short holiday at Sandringham with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Tall, good-looking, thirty and unmarried and a captain in the Irish Guards, Plunket has often been named as a suitor for the Princess' hand.

Whether or not this is true is anybody's guess. The wiseacres have so often been wrong about Margaret in the past that they are reluctant to stick

their necks out again. And Margaret, now somewhat embittered by the rumors, is not going to give away any hints. "When my turn comes I won't even tell my best friend," she once said. She admits frankly that she wants to get married but that she won't do it until "I am sure I can be as happy as Mummy and Papa."

A horoscope cast at her birth said she would marry when she was twenty-four. This is quite as reliable an indication of what she will do as anything that has been said to date about her matrimonial plans. +

CHATELAINE'S SPRING BEAUTY WEEK CONTEST

*Do you know how attractive
you REALLY are?*

THERE COMES A TIME in every woman's life when she stands in front of her mirror and asks herself, "Am I making the most of myself? Is my make-up right? Should I part my hair on the other side? Am I wearing the right clothes for my figure, making the most of my good points and underplaying my worst? In short, how can I find the most attractive ME?"

This is where we come in, for once again Chatelaine gives you the opportunity of discovering a new and glowing version of yourself, with the help and advice of Rosemary Boxer, Fashion and Beauty Editor. In addition, we bring you the chance of winning a trip to Toronto by TCA to spend a week as Chatelaine's guest at one of the best hotels, with \$100 for pocket money besides.

Last April, you remember, we told you the story of Marion Clarke, the girl from Pugwash, N.S., a clerk who first won our Spring Beauty Week contest and then a CBC television contract. The response to our first contest was amazing. Hundreds of interesting letters poured in. Although we could not give all of the writers the detailed attention that we gave to the finalists, each one received individual and expert advice from Rosemary Boxer.

So now as we plan our Spring Beauty Week for April 1955, we offer this same outstanding opportunity to the Canadian woman or girl, married or single, who sends us the best letter stating the details of her particular beauty problems and accompanied by a full-length photograph or snapshot of herself.

When the winner has been chosen, Rosemary Boxer and Irene Kent, CBC's make-up artist, will fly to the winner's home town to photograph her and carry out the beauty makeover. Her picture will appear on the cover of the April issue and her story will be told inside. Then, during the Spring Beauty Week in April, she will fly to Toronto as Chatelaine's guest for an exciting round of public appearances, parties and interviews.

Your entry must be postmarked not later than October 15, 1954. Fill out this entry form and send it, with a recent full-length photograph (which cannot be returned), to:

Spring Beauty Week Contest, Chatelaine Magazine,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

NAME (Miss, Mrs.)
ADDRESS
AGE VOCATION
MEASUREMENTS, BUST WAIST HIPS WEIGHT
HEIGHT COLORING

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD DO AT THE FIRST SIGN OF PIMPLES



SPECIALISTS WARN that pimples undermine children's self-confidence... may even cause permanent damage to their personalities. Neglect of pimples can cause permanent scars, too. So act early. CLEARASIL, the new scientific formulation especially for pimples, may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.

New! Medicated Formulation CLEARS PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works

Now at last! A new medicated formulation called CLEARASIL developed especially for pimples! In scientific clinical tests CLEARASIL, with its remarkable drying action, brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

Greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples...dries pimples surprisingly fast. And CLEARASIL's antiseptic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end embarrassment. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Reader's Digest reported on clinical tests using CLEARASIL type medication.

Now the largest-selling special pimple medication in America... because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls, adults. Must work for you or money back. 69¢ and \$1.19 at all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.





PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR WESTON'S BY DON. ANDERSON

One done... One to go

Five o'clock—one job done and one to go. Behind her is another day... ahead is her home and family. For she is the modern wife whose skill and effort in office or plant is helping to build two big projects... the Canadian Future and the Canadian Home.

Moments from now, the girl on the job will be transformed into the lady of the house. Out of the slacks or office suit... and into a pretty house dress and fresh lip-stick for a home-coming husband. These efficient hands will be flying in her very own kitchen, doing the jobs women love to do for their men... fixing dinner... picking up bits of mending... whisking through a touch of ironing. And then... the precious time of quiet sharing, as both dream of the future their present labors will make come true. The house they will own... the garden they will tend... the children they will educate and watch grow...

Canada is a working country... and women stand side by side with their men to see that the work is done. It's a fine

system, and a democratic one. And the not-so-silent partner helps her husband hold the line on both fronts. This is the way a family grows... and with such families Canada reaches new horizons of happiness and achievement.

...

Weston's take this way of honoring Canadian women, who for many years have made Weston's quality products the first choice in their homes. The name of Weston's is a family favorite today just as it has been for generations—a preference based upon quality first and always in food products.

Always buy the best—buy

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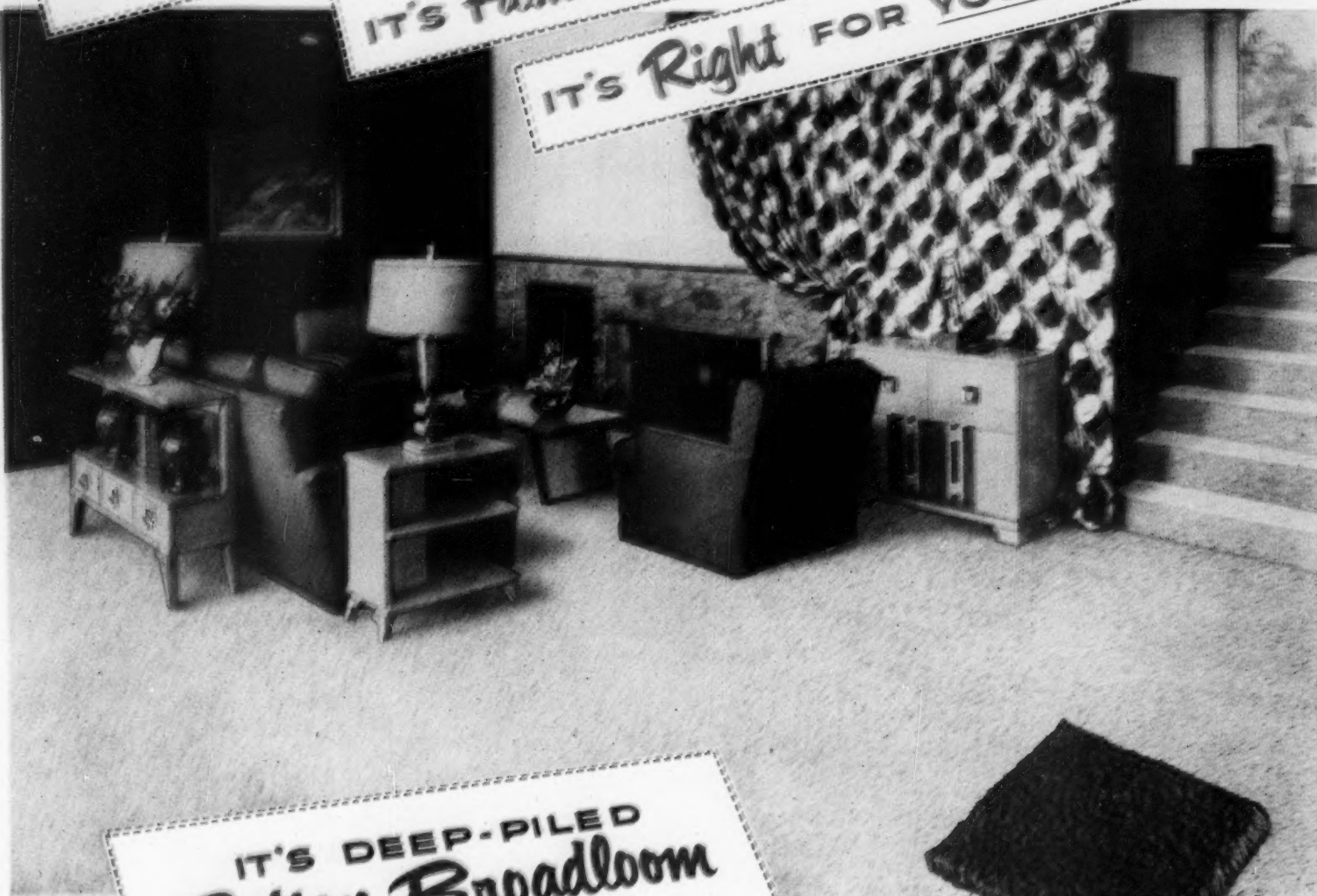
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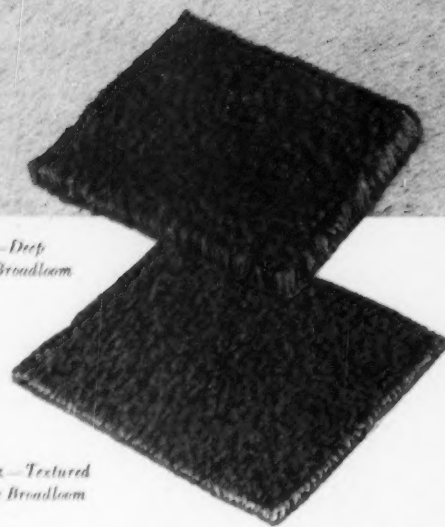
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BARAUXE—Deep
plush pile Broadloom



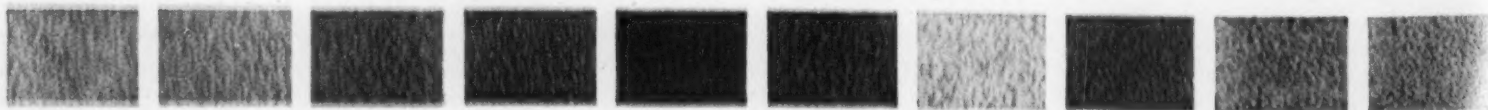
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Barrymore lays your dreams at your feet with this thrilling, new Cotton Broadloom . . . a new style note in rich, unbelievably clear colors to add sparkle and spaciousness to your rooms . . . Barrymore craftsmanship in

finest cotton yarn to give luxurious pile, perfect cleanability, years and years of scuff-resistant wear . . . soft, durable, livable cotton in the 10 colors illustrated below, at the eye-opening price of under \$10 per square yard.

If you're going to the C.N.E. see the wide range of wool and cotton carpets in a variety of colors at the fascinating Barrymore display in the Manufacturers building.

- Extra-long wearing—fine quality, cotton fibres take years and years of hardest wear—as proved in exhaustive tests!
- Colors you've always wanted—ten fresh, exciting hues from Chartreuse to Cherry Red.
- Perfect with either modern or traditional decor—plain colors and delightful random texture shows off any furniture to advantage.
- Easy to clean and care for—can be vacuumed or swept normally—will stand up to repeated cleaning.
- Low price for high quality—outstanding value among broadlooms!



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SPUN GOLD

BALSAM GREEN

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DAWN GREY

CHARTREUSE

October 1954

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thur Fri Sat

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